

CHICAGO
BY
GASLIGHT

BY
SAMUEL PAYNTER WILSON

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CHICAGO BY GASLIGHT

BY

SAMUEL PAYNTER WILSON

Author of "Wilson's Historical Events," "Wilson's Concise History," "Chicago and Its Cess-Pools,"
"The Story of Lena Murphy"

Short Stories

"A Mother's Story," "Captain Dunwell's Will," "Was It Her Fault," "Two Hearts that Beat as One," "A Lawyer's Narrative," "The Two Mothers," "Birds and Babies," "Rural Scenes and Incidents" being a Poem in three cantos, "A Farewell to Innocence," "The Gates of Hell," "The Cauldron of Woe," "The Romance of Crime."

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Illinois.
Hist. Survey

MR. SAMUEL PAYNTER WILSON,
Chicago, Ill.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I have read your book with great interest. It tells the truth, though no book can tell all the truth. You have been a great help to our community by the practical and useful service you have rendered in the investigation of vice and the bringing of those responsible for it to justice. Our city is the better for your work.

I hope your book will do much good. If parents but knew the dangers that confront their boys and girls in our great cities, they would at least take some ordinary precautions before turning their children adrift amid these perils.

MORTON CULVER HARTZELL,
President Douglas Neighborhood Club.

PREFACE

I stood on the corner of a down-town street one night in December, and as I watched the seething sea of humanity passing by, and as I looked into their weary, anxious faces, I never felt more strongly in my life the necessity for the work on the part of the forces that are making for the moral and social uplift of the city. There, in great masses before my eyes was the good and the bad, and it was easy to make the distinction. The whole maddening throng seemed bent on unrighteous and riotous pleasure. The whole tendency was downward, and nothing of elevating or enobling influence was before me there. To me it appeared the death of youth, and the grave of manhood and womanhood.

All that was base and ignoble in a great city was portrayed in the vivid picture before me, and as I gazed on the throng I could see the breaking down of virtue, which ought to be strong in every woman.

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My position was near the entrance to a "fashionable drinking house," one which bids high for the gilded youth to go the limit, and as the pleasure-bent wended their way into this palace of sin, it seemed to me the quick death of the finer sensibilities of manhood and womanhood, the welding of the links in the chain that binds them forever to the slavery of drink.

I could not help thinking that this disgraceful orgy before my eyes was an everlasting shame to every person connected with it. The tendency of the whole place was downward, and placed a disgraceful premium on lewdness. The vulgar display appealed to all that is worst in mankind, and breeds contempt for law and decency. I saw in it the inevitable swelling of the "red light" district, for here could be seen the "painted madame" stretching her arms in an invitation to the young maidens of the city. Here could be seen the effects of the "saloon" and of all the evils that follow in its wake. Sitting at the tables the hilarity of the young men and women attests to the revelry and debauchery that the city openly tolerates, and even encourages.

As I listened to the music I wondered if a

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thought of home or their mother ever came to their minds, and I said to myself, if so, such thoughts are choked in the scenes of vice and debauchery, and whatever good there is left in them is crushed by such unspeakably coarse surroundings.

My heart was sad; and it was here I made a vow that I would fight the cursed traffic with all the force and strength at my command.

It is with this aim in view that this little book is published.

SAMUEL PAYNTER WILSON.

Some Personal Experiences

In presenting to the public the experiences I have had, and of the results attained as an investigator in an Association, which has gained a world wide reputation for "doing things" in the sociological world, it is with a hope that I may find a genial public, and create a more forceful and lasting impression with my friends.

This little work is the result of my own personal investigation among a class of men and women, who belong to the underworld, and the work has been accompanied with much personal danger and often required the courage and experience of one versed in the ways of the criminal—one who has the ability to be a judge of human nature and a good "mixer."

The men and women with whom we come in contact are scoundrels by nature and cowards at heart; they stab you in the back and shoot you

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from dark alleys; they are continually on the lookout for victims and usually find the harvest bountiful, and the matter contained in this book is merely to give expression in language so simple that all may understand its meaning. There are plague spots in almost every part of the great city and vultures prey upon the innocent and descend upon the city by daylight and by gaslight without warning of their coming.

The white slave dealers flaunt their dastardly vice in the face of the public, and houses of ill-fame are conducted with a boldness unequalled anywhere in the world. The evil is very great and assuming larger proportions every year. In procuring evidence, and in bringing many of these unfortunates before the courts, and after listening to the defendants in giving testimony, I have come to the conclusion that virtue in Chicago is at a very low ebb, and that the home-loving virtuous wife or mother is a jewel that the gods should crave and that decent manhood should love, honor and worship.

It is sad, indeed, that wives of apparent respectability should be drawn into this life of shame, but nevertheless it hangs like a pall over

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the city and innocence and virtue is trampled in the dust.

Devastation is everywhere in view. The ruined lives and homes of men and women is manifest, and the evil continues. Look where you may; take up any of the daily papers and the first article your eyes observe, perchance, will be of some home broken up by the unchaste wife or husband. This state of affairs is deeply to be deplored and should bring a blush of shame to the true manhood and womanhood of our city. It is everywhere. We touch elbows with it in the streets, where thousands parade daily. The veiled and insidious evil is one, which until recently has worked as secretly and as damnably as the vicious habits of the frequenters of the disreputable establishments could desire.

Listen! I have witnessed young boys and girls in their tender years, reeling, staggering drunk, going and coming from vile dens (so-called concert saloons) and not a hand raised to stay their downward career. I have seen mothers with tears streaming down their sunken cheeks, eyes swollen from weeping tears of blood, stand in front of these devil-dealing places, pleading with their

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children to return to their home. I have witnessed the proprietor or employee push this heartbroken woman into the street, call a policeman and have her rushed off to the nearest police station. It was my good fortune to have the acquaintance of the lieutenant at the station. I at once mounted a passing car and arrived at police headquarters at the same moment the crestfallen, heartbroken woman had been brought before the officer in charge. Acquainting him with the facts in the case, he had the woman released, and reprimanded the officer who made the arrest.

For some reason unknown to the general public the policemen favor the underworld. Money talks. The dishonest policemen are few, however, and I have never witnessed, and do not know of a single policeman or officer who has violated his oath of office. We do know, however, that they seem to be shackled, and seldom, if ever, go against the evildoer until driven to it by the reform element. Call it graft, politics or whatever you may, the general tendency is to shield the law-breaker.

Orders are issued by the superior officer, and it is generally conceded that he "winks the other

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eye," for the orders, as a rule, are trailed in the dust, showing conclusively that they were made to be broken. The dark shame of it all is, that the public—the taxpayers, do not rise up as a man and break the chain that has held the decent citizens captive for past generations.

Houses of Shame.

Houses of assignation abound everywhere. Go where you will, in any quarter of the city and the experienced eye will see evidence of the blighting influence of this feature of "Social life." The handsomest apartment buildings in the city are frequently infested with women who ply their trade with a boldness that is seldom tolerated in a well-governed city. Disreputable real estate men are chiefly responsible for this condition of affairs, however; the "Almighty Dollar" to them is evidence of "good character," and so the evil runs its course unchallenged. Another gigantic feature is that dissolute women establish themselves in swell apartment houses and advertise rooms to rent, similar to the following:

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“Michigan Ave.—43—Apartment 204. Lady has beautifully furnished rooms for couple or gentleman. Phone Calumet ——”

Accompanied by another gentleman, I called at the above place in answer to the advertisement in order to satisfy myself as to the character of the place. Imagine our surprise to find that we could secure rooms and lady companion “thrown in.” We made short work of this “housekeeper” in the courts next day.

So all along the line the experienced person finds evidence of immorality and crime, and one less wise can close one eye and walk straightway to cess-pools innumerable. Last year more than fifty places similar to the one mentioned have had a hearing in court.

A flagrant case can appropriately be mentioned here. I was called to Lieutenant ZUCKER’s office, who stated to me that he was suspicious of a certain woman having quarters in one of the elite sections of the city, and that his officers were unable to obtain the evidence that would convict her, and requested me to secure for him the proper evidence, if possible. After two weeks of strenuous work, dodging between houses, jump-

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ing alley fences, making peace with "bull-dogs" that were not "over friendly" and only willing to "show us" the kindly interest they had in us, we found few volunteers who were anxious to enlist in our cause. After repeated calls at the house in question, we gained information that satisfied us as to the character of the place, but not sufficient to convict; though we were told by the keeper that she would accommodate us, would send for ladies—that her ladies who received were married women who would respond to a telephone call, and so on. But as there were no women in the house, and having been "thrown down" for the third time and informed that she was afraid we were detectives and refusing to have us call again, it was then that the alleys, fences and bull-dog course was pursued. This was in late November and we experienced no Southern zephyrs wafting between the tall, dark houses as we stood between them, chancing a stray shot from a neighboring window. The proprietress was a smooth proposition to handle, but our chance finally arrived, and the crafty woman was placed in the hands of the police. After much false swearing by the

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woman and inmates, our evidence was found to be conclusive and the jury gave the heaviest fine the statutes provided.

The dangers encountered are often very great. I recall an incident which took myself and another investigator to one of the low-down saloon and concert halls one stormy night in December. The snow and sleet was descending in blinding sheets and it was with difficulty that we made our way towards the goal we sought. Arriving at our destination we at once opened a side door that entered the hallway leading up to the second story of the building. There was a door leading from the drinking room where the disreputable men and women held "high carnival." Just as we reached the top of the landing, two burly, rough men came rushing toward us and demanded to know our business. Upon being told that we wanted to see the "girls" they said to us in words not to be repeated: "We have no "girls" up here; you get out of here or we will pitch you through that window," pointing to a window overlooking the alley. "A bluff" goes sometimes, as it did in this case. I said to the man nearest to me, "O, come now,

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don't be angry, my friend is a cattle dealer from Iowa, and I am only showing him the sights, and seeing the "hotel sign" thought we would put up for the night with you." Near us stood a round table and chairs (a sure sign of something doing). I said to him, "be a good fellow and bring us up some beer." Sizing us up, he said, "Well, I don't know you'se feller's, an' I'm taking no chances, see." In order to "stick" and collect the information we were after, I said to him, "That's all right, bring up the beer and we will go away," and with angry growls, the two men departed for the drink ordered. When the man returned we had all the evidence needed to arrest and convict the owner for allowing the house to be used for immoral purposes. The evidence was easily enough collected, for just as the men mentioned disappeared, two flashily dressed women came out of adjoining rooms and insisted on us "buying the drinks."

The proprietor was indignant when he returned, to find the women sitting at the table where we had previously seated ourselves. Paying for our beer, we immediately departed. Had the proprietor known who we were, and that we

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were seeking information in order to bring about his downfall, the chances are that trouble would have ensued.

Mother and Child.

There are many mothers in Chicago who for a few dollars will sell their souls and not content with that, will offer up to mammon the souls of their children. As incredible as it may seem, metropolitan life not only asks for the mother, but for her child also. It often occurs, and if you will take a peek almost any night into the cheap concert saloon, you will see women with little children sitting on their knees. If you listen, above the din of the half drunken men and women you will hear the voice of the child, singing: "What would you take for me papa, if somebody wanted to buy," etc., while some "pimp" is thumping the life out of the rented piano. Pay attention, now! Look and you will see some painted, blear-eyed woman walk up and plant a kiss on the mouth of the child, and drop a coin into the palm of the mother. This is a vile, vicious proceeding, and should call forth

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the condemnation of even our sleepy police. When I witnessed the scene just mentioned, my indignation was complete, but I was powerless to act. Notwithstanding the danger I exposed myself to, I walked over to the part of the hall where the heartless mother sat and inquired why she brought her child to a place of this character. Her answer was, "The money there's in it." "Yes, but are you not afraid your child will become one of the town?" "'fraid of nothin'; you 'tend to your business, and I'll 'tend to mine." I said to her that our association would help her find employment if she wished us to. She refused my proffered assistance. I then said to her, "If I ever see you with that child in a place like this again, I will have you arrested and the child taken care of by the county." I also called the attention of the proprietor of the place to the fact that he would be served with papers of arrest should I find further violations of the law in his establishment. "Easy money!" that's the word. The race for wealth is a very exacting one and souls are being sold every day for the "Almighty Dollar."

The Renting Evil

Vice in the Metropolis is fostered by a class of disreputable real estate men, who cherish money more than they do the good reputation of the community. In the work, the Association with which I am connected is doing, the greatest obstacle has been to overcome the damage done in resident districts by renting to disreputable women. It necessitates a constant watchfulness. Often the situation calls for prompt action, and the law is our only recourse. For the benefit of anyone who may chance to read this book, this information is freely given: To dislodge a disreputable person from a dwelling, the owner of the building, the real estate dealer who rented to them, and the woman in question may be brought into court. In Illinois the statutes require fifteen days' notice to be given to the owner of the building and the real estate man. This is in order to give them time to serve notice on the tenants. After evidence has been secured against

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the tenant, warrants may be obtained at once for the arrest of the woman and inmates. The maximum fine is \$200.00 for each offense. The law is the same for proprietors of houses of assignation as well as houses of prostitution. Our Association fights the millionaire and the poor illiterate saloonkeeper with the same degree of faithfulness. We do not persecute, but prosecute. We ask no favors and show no quarter when the vicious assail us, but the repentant man or woman find in us the benefactor and many instances can be related where acts of Christian charity have been offered to the offending man or woman.

I recall a case which aroused my sympathy recently. My attention had been previously called to a house on———St., asking me to have the occupant removed. I was prompt in making investigation and soon found that my informant's surmise was well founded. The case was reported to the lieutenant of the district, who ordered the madame to remove at once. About nine o'clock on the night in question the door bell of my residence rang out with a loud jingle. The night was one of the worst I have ever known.

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The snow beat down with furious pelts, the wind blew with cruel, biting blasts, and as I opened the door to greet the visitor the fine mist scintillating in the gaslight gave a dramatic effect, and formed a striking background for the woman standing at my threshold. Imagine my surprise to find in my guest the poor outcast of society the police had ordered to move. Though richly and warmly clad, she told a story of anguish that would have melted a heart more hardened than mine. She broke down completely, and after listening to her story I was powerless to push her case at once, and gave her time to close her establishment, extracting a promise that she would allow no visitors at her home in the meantime. The extension was allowed in order that no hardship should ensue to the slowly dying mother of the keeper.

Debasing influences are continually at work among the young of our city and call for unceasing vigilance. In my work as an investigator I came to the conclusion that the house of assignation assumes tremendous proportions and should be handled in a rigorous manner. The practice of renting rooms to "all comers," re-

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ardless of age or sex, men and women, single or otherwise, boys and girls, is a vicious one and should be stamped out. The law demanding only that you register as man and wife, with no further requirements, is insufficient. It is almost impossible to convict the keepers who throw their houses open to "transients." Evidence is hard to obtain. The investigator must use discretion, and is often obliged to partially incriminate himself in order to collect the evidence sufficient to bring the keeper to account. The law in many instances seems to favor the criminal. The burden falls heavily on the prosecutor, and no matter how morally depraved and sinful the defendant, there must be a preponderance of evidence in order to convict.

The wretches who conduct these places of infamy will invariably swear falsely, and are lost to all regard for truth. It is with great difficulty that convictions are obtained. I am reminded of a case we brought before Judge Y———. The woman was a well known resort keeper, and had quarters in an elegant apartment building, which was owned by John W.———, a man of commercial standing in the community. The

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women and four inmates were arrested and brought before the judge. The evidence of the prosecution was, in effect, that the habitation was being used for "immoral purposes" and was so conclusive that the magistrate stated to one of the defendants that he knew she was "lying," but turning to me he said, "What can I do? The preponderance of evidence is against you—Discharged!" The case was so flagrant that the inspector of the district said to me: "I'll have her removed." And he kept his word.

In about two months after this episode we had occasion to visit the same apartment building on a mission of the same character, but with more favorable results. It was at this point of the proceedings that we notified the owner of the building that papers would be obtained for his arrest should we discover and obtain evidence of further violation of the law in his premises. And so the work moves along. We find that a "warrant for arrest" is a good educational factor for those clever devils who are corrupt themselves, and who bring decent men, women and children within the environment of the brothel and the influence of the depraved. The weak spots of

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character show vividly in the man who places money above honor and righteousness.

The investigator comes in contact with many phases of metropolitan life. The good and the bad, the dark and the bright side is flashed before his constant gaze. "The evil men do live after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." Evil is always present, and stands out like projecting rocks as pitfalls for the weak. The saloon and the dance hall are twin sisters in crime, and the common root of immorality, disease and death; devouring thousands of young men and women annually. The bright lights and seductive allurements beckon the callous youth, and the careless maiden to a swift and certain death, and in anguish they lift their guilty voices and cry out, "Damned! Damned Damned!"

With all the force and power at my command, I denounce the saloon and the dance hall as breeders of vice; destructive to all the finer instincts of manhood and womanhood; they form the very gateway that leads to hell. Fathers! look to your sons! Mothers! Look to your daughters!

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The following letter is a sample of many which I have received:

Mr. Samuel P. Wilson,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find the address of a man and woman who run a flat and keep women in it for immoral purposes. The house number is 36— East——rd Street, and the telephone No is —— Drexel. You can call the woman up any time, and make arrangements to call on her, as that is the method they use in getting men to call. I live in the apartment just under them, and they are a nuisance and a disgrace. They have two other women in the flat, and it is not very hard to pick them out for what they are. They are not employed, for I have frequently seen them go out at all hours of the night, and also seen men go in at different times. The man living with Mrs. B.——— passes as her husband, but that is not true, for they had a quarrel not long ago, and I heard her deny the fact.

I hope you will be able to have them removed, for it is disgraceful to live in a building with this

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class. I have called the agent's attention to the matter, but he has not sent them away.

Wishing you success in the work you are doing, I am,

Yours very truly,

Mrs. J.———A. Z———.

I do not condemn all dance houses, or dancing in general, but the contention is, however, that those where liquor is served without regard to age or sex is pernicious, and should be prohibited. A web is often woven around young women which ruins their lives. The young man takes his first glass, and fills a drunkard's grave.

What's that! You don't believe it! Then listen! On the 26th of January, this year, my "rounds" brought me to a well, but unfavorably known dance hall, within the shadows of a rich and popular church. It was in the quiet of the night, the dance was on, the mazey waltz was in full swing. Looking about the large, dimly lighted hall, I saw a crowd collected in one corner of the room not far away. Pushing myself through the half drunken men and women, I reached the desired place and beheld a scene revolting to my manhood. Lying on the hard,

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wooden floor before me, was the form of a little girl, not yet sixteen, stupefied with drink, and her companion, a youth of probably eighteen years, in a condition bordering on collapse. Poor child! With a terrible oath she beseeched those about her to leave her. My soul was borne down with a heavy weight. I could scarcely grasp the situation all at once, but finally, regaining my composure, I lifted the child to her feet, and placed her in a chair. The brightness of her eyes had grown dim, every muscle of her frail body had relaxed to such an extent that it was necessary to hold her in a sitting position. The poor girl was then left with her companions and with a weary, sad heart, I left the place. I called the attention of the lieutenant of the district to the flagrant violation of the statutes which were continually being enacted at this resort. Oh! You say, "I don't believe it." Well, take a peek almost any night into one of the dance halls where liquor is made the chief source of revenue, and the terrible, revolting scene enacted there will disabuse your mind forever. The following, and many similar letters have been received from mothers. Read it carefully and reflect.

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34——East——St.,
Chicago, Feb. 26, 1910.

Mr. Samuel P. Wilson,

Investigator of the Douglas Neighborhood Club.

Dear Sir:

Knowing that your Association has been of great service to the city, I am going to ask you if you can do something to help a heart-broken mother. I have a daughter, not yet eighteen years old, who frequents the cheap dance halls, and I seem to have no influence over her at all. Oh! so very often she comes home in an intoxicated condition, and last night was brought home in a cab. Cannot something be done with these terrible places that are ruining so many of our girls and boys. If you can help me, the prayers of a heart-broken mother will follow you through life. Oh! I have prayed so often that my child would see the folly of it all, but my heart sinks within me, and I know I am powerless.

I am asking this of you in God's name, and I hope he will bless you in the great work you are doing.

Yours very truly,

Mrs. Jennie L————

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These places are frequented by all classes of society, from the lowest dregs, to men and women who claim respectability and occasionally a man and his family are seen here. The visitors are, however, principally young men and boys. Often the hardened prostitute mingles with the crowd, and the girl of tender years and respectability joins the outcast of society in a "social glass." They encourage her to drink, shamelessly violate every rule of propriety and she indulges in liquor until she is unable to protect herself. These dance halls are often handsome places and flourish in almost every quarter of the city, where they flaunt their devil's work in the very face of the better class of citizens, who are helpless to abate the nuisance.



The White Slave Traffic

Throughout the United States the White Slave Traffic is assuming appalling proportions. It is wide-spread and even international. It has proved so appalling that the public is hardly prepared, as yet, to conceive of its abnormal extent.

The tremendous and disgraceful facts are these: There are 65,000 daughters in American homes, and 15,000 alien girls, the prey each year of procurers in this traffic, according to authoritative estimates. Even marriage is used as one of the diabolical methods of capturing girlhood and young womanhood and "breaking them in" to a life of shame.

They are hunted in a thousand ways; trapped, wing-broken, sold—sold for less than swine—and held in white slavery ten thousand times worse than death.

The daughters of all of us, our sisters, even

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our wives, are looked upon as prey for the white slave traffic.

There must be some practical means of protecting our girls; the monster must be crushed and the country in general forewarned.

According to Clifford G. Roe, there is from 8,000 to 10,000 male parasites living upon money taken in by the 25,000 or 30,000 women of evil lives in Chicago. If this parasitism could be stopped, these men would lose one motive for luring inexperienced girls into the white slave market.

White Slavery has become a systematized business, gigantic in its scope, and powerful in its operations. It is claimed by judges of our courts that it has its "Big Chief" and, that no less than \$200,000.00 was made last year from the sale of young girls into a life of shame.

Judge John R. Newcomer, speaking from the platform, recently said:

"Within one week I have seven different letters from fathers, from Madison, Wisconsin, on the north, to Peoria, Illinois, on the south, asking me in God's name to do something to help them find their daughters because they had come to

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Chicago and they had never heard from them afterward.

"If you mean by the "White Slave" traffic, the placing of young girls in a brothel for a price, it is undoubtedly a real fact, based upon statements that have been made in my court during the past three months by defendants, both men and women, who have pleaded guilty to the crime, and in a sense it is both interstate and international."

The selling price ranges any where from \$15.00 to \$500.00, and is generally based upon the beauty of the "Slave."

A case of this kind is vividly pictured in my mind as I write. I was seated at the dinner table one evening when the telephone rang. My oldest girl (God bless and protect her) answered the summons. The message was for myself, and as she called out, "Papa!" I left the table to hear what the speaker had to say.

"Hello! Is this Mr. Wilson?" "Yes." "Well, Mr. Wilson Lieutenant Z——— would like to have you call and see him!" "All right; when?" "About 7:30 this evening, if you can." Stating to him that I would call and see the lieutenant,

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I hung up the receiver. After finishing my dinner I made my way to the office of the officer in question. He was a gruff old fellow, but true as steel—and to his credit, be it said, he has never failed to do his duty as an officer.

After a cordial greeting, he said to me:

“Mr. Wilson, I am suspicious of a certain woman living at number 31———Street. I believe her to be a White Slave dealer. She is a “foxy” woman, and my men do not seem able to get the evidence against her. I wish you would see what you can do.”

“All right, lieutenant,” I said, “I will let you know what progress I am making tomorrow,” and after a few casual remarks departed.

Leaving the lieutenant, I mounted a car and called at the house in question. Giving the electric button a hard push, I heard its ring and also the husky growl of a “man-eating” bull dog on the inside.

The “regulation maid” answered the bell, and upon making inquiry for the madame, was informed she was not at home. “If you have business with her, you’d better call her up by ‘phone

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all her business is done that way." Telling her I would do so, I departed.

The next day at eleven o'clock I called up the woman in question and the following conversation took place:

"Hello! is this Madame Bazarre?"

"Yes," came the reply, in a pleasing voice.

"Well, Madame, the business I have with you is a peculiar one, and, until we are better acquainted, I do not want my name known. Do you understand?"

"Yes, that's all right, what is it you want?"

"I understand that you can furnish girls; now I have a friend who is willing to buy one and, knowing of you, I thought I would give you a show; but, you know this is a "bad business" and I want to know whether you can keep your mouth shut or not."

"You can trust me, I never get "cold feet"; you had better call and see me about four o'clock this afternoon."

Assuring her I would, I closed the conversation and waited developments. At the appointed hour I was at the Madame's richly furnished apartment. We were not long in getting down

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to business. Of course I played the timid "go between" and the more fear I exhibited, the bolder she became. The "colder my feet," the more communicative and confidential "interest" she showed in me.

"Madam, I know a man who wants to buy a girl. Can you supply one?" I said.

"Oh, yes! I can furnish twenty of them", she answered with a toss of her head.

"Are you quite sure that we will not be found out?" I queried.

"I never 'squeal' on my friends, you can depend on me," she said.

"What do you charge for a good looking girl, say about sixteen or eighteen years old?" I asked her.

"I have a very pretty girl in the house now, would you like to see her? I will let you have her for fifty dollars. She would please any man," she said with a knowing wink.

My God, I thought, as she vouchsafed this information, suppose this female devil had my girl in her power. The desire to strangle her grew strong within me, and it was with difficulty that I restrained myself from clutching her by the

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short, thick neck, and ridding the world of one of its worst enemies. Knowing, however, that any act or word of mine aside from the part of "playing the villain" would spoil the object of my errand, I continued the conversation.

"You say you will sell this girl for fifty dollars! Is that the usual price?"

"O, no! this girl is very pretty and young. I can let you see other girls if you want to see them."

Assuring her that I thought the one she had in view would suit my friend, it was agreed that I should bring him to her house the following day, and at that time she would produce the girl. Reporting the progress made to the lieutenant as previously announced, warrants were sworn out for the arrest of the woman, who, for fifty dollars, would procure and sell your child or mine.

There is an endless chain of detail in making an arrest of this kind. It is necessary to allay any suspicions the guilty party may have, every move must be closely guarded, and, when the final arrangements are made, to strike with a decisive blow.

The outcome of the episode here related can

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better be told in the words of a newspaper clipping:

“An interesting denouement is the arrest of Madame Bazarre, wife of a former police officer from down the state, which caused a sensation on account of the crusade which is being made in Chicago against the ‘white slave’ traffic.

“Mr. Samuel P. Wilson, whose coup resulted in the womans’ arrest, sat in his office with a smile of satisfaction on his face, lay back in his arm chair and calmly related how he had gone to the woman’s apartment and made arrangements to have her sell a girl to a friend, and at the appointed hour, he was to produce the buyer, when the Madame would produce the girl.

“The climax resulted in the arrest of the Madame and the young woman after \$50.00 had been paid and a receipt given for the money.

“The two men who are investigators for the Douglas Neighborhood Club, are probably the cleverest in their line in the city, and are often called upon by the police officials to do special work for the police department.”

Law-Breaking Druggists

There is another source of law-breaking in Chicago which needs summary attention. There are many proprietors of "so-called" drug stores who are engaged in the illegal sale of intoxicating drink, and carry on an extensive business after the closing hours of the saloons. These "stores" are dangerous to any community, and are only so many "blind pigs." No self-respecting druggist will sell liquors without the written prescription of a doctor of established reputation. The wretches who for gain will trample the law in the dust, are breeders of anarchy, and should be treated as such by the honest men in that business. They establish themselves in some respectable neighborhood, and carry on a thriving trade. Gambling is indulged in to a greater or less degree in most of them, and it is no uncommon sight to see the place crowded with men and women waiting for the "racing form" to appear, hot from the printing press. If you will listen,

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you will hear a woman's voice ring out in the dimly lighted room: "Which horse won? Did 'Pony Boy' come in second? That horse is punk; I lost \$4.00 on him yesterday."

The officials know of the "crooked" work going on, but seem powerless to abate the nuisance. The "all-night" drug store should be classed in the same category as the saloon, and should pay the same license of \$1,000. All proprietors of drug stores are not bad, however, and they should see to it that the "all-night-drug-store-saloon" cease defying the law, thus bringing their business into disrepute.

In substantiation of the charge made against these men, I recall an instance where I was summoned to the office of the Chief of Police, who requested me to secure the evidence against a druggist whom he believed to be selling liquor illegally. Informing me of the location of the "store," I made my way to the vicinity of the place in question, and soon found the Chief's suspicions were well founded. It was now midnight, and knowing that the opportune time would be after the saloonkeepers in the neighborhood had "closed" their establishments, I awaited until the

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hour-hand of a large clock on the corner pointed to one o'clock. Soon the men and women came pouring out into the dark and blustery night. Several of them repaired to the place in question, and were conducted to the "little room" back of the prescription wall. Upon entering the place, I was met by a portly, smooth-faced man, who inquired:

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"Cigars, please," I answered. "Won't you have one, also?"

Gaining his confidence, I asked him for "something to warm me up," it being very cold outside.

"Certainly, just step back here," leading the way to the rear of the store.

There were several men and women drinking at the time; some were drinking beer and others whiskey. The women were those of the underworld, and had little regard for decency, and were admonished several times by the man in charge to cease their boisterous laughter. We had ordered beer, and were about to be served when the proprietor came rushing toward us and said, in a courteous manner:

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"Sorry, gentlemen; but I don't know you; we don't serve drinks here."

"O, get out," I said to him. "What do you mean by that; you are selling both whisky and beer to the other guests, and why do you refuse us?"

"That don't make any difference I can't serve you," he replied.

Being assured that we were "good fellows," he finally consented to sell us the refreshment sought. Before leaving the place we were able to buy all we desired.

Purchasing a bottle of whiskey for future evidence, I left the place, in company with the man I took along as a corroborative witness, which is a necessary adjunct, if a conviction is wanted. These men are scoundrels by nature, and do not hesitate to swear falsely when occasion requires it, or when they are benefited by committing the crime.

I made a report to the Chief, and presented the bottle of whiskey I had previously purchased to him to be used as conclusive evidence should it be needed; I was personally thanked by him for the promptness with which I secured the evi-

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dence, and with a feeling of satisfaction that I had at least done my duty as a citizen, I left him.

Our actions are our own. We give advice, but cannot give the wisdom to profit by it. I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, that of an honest man.

Gambling in Chicago

Gambling flourishes in Chicago despite the combined efforts of the newspapers and the police. The great metropolitan journals wield a tremendous influence upon the officers, stimulating them, and pushing them on to intelligent action. In late years the laws against gambling have been enforced more rigidly than formerly, and the number of professional gamblers has somewhat diminished, yet there are enough of them left to make their business a very marked feature of metropolitan life. "The good old days" of the gambling fraternity has passed away, and there is nothing left but the scattered fragments of the "poor man's" game.

There may be isolated houses where roulette, faro and the gentleman's game of poker is indulged in, but if so, I have no knowledge of it. The daily papers have been largely responsible for their closing. The chief pastime of the "gentlemen of leisure" is now confined to lowly

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games of bridge whist and such. Bookmaking is, however, largely indulged in, despite the combined efforts of the editors and the police the evil continues.

It was during an aldermanic campaign, not long since, that I was requested by an officer of our association to collect evidence against a saloonkeeper who was supposed to be running a "hand-book."

In company with another gentleman, we started in quest of the desired evidence. Arriving at the "saloon," we made an inspection of the place, and found several rooms connected with the establishment, and men going in and out of some of them. At one of the doors we noticed a man was in attendance who admitted only those that were known to him. We formed the acquaintance of a man who was repairing the flooring in an adjoining room, and removing my overcoat, I proceeded to help him do some of the work, believing that in that way I could ingratiate myself into their favor, and gain an entrance into the room where the "lookout" was stationed. I worked away with a cheerful spirit until I learned that it was necessary to know the password

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or the knowing "wink" which the habitues of the place were compelled to give. So closely guarded is the business, that it is almost impossible for a stranger to obtain entrance into a gambling house in Chicago. I notified the police, and a few days later the house was raided.

Gambling is more prevalent at election time than any other period, owing to the fact that politicians—the office-holding politicians—will allow many privileges while seeking votes, that they would spurn, once they are safely landed in a well paying position.

Bath and Massage Rooms

In the Turkish bath rooms a very disreputable business is extensively carried on in Chicago, and has been for many years. These "rooms" are scattered all over the city, and are chiefly operated by unscrupulous women. They are only so many places where immorality is conducted. Of course there are numerous bath houses that are run on business principles, and are safe and free from demoralizing influences, and are operated by men and frequented by that sex. They are a necessity, and with the proper sanitary precautions, are to be encouraged. The improper places are those conducted by women, and which have women attendants. These places are "baths" in name only. They are houses of prostitution and keep women for immoral purposes. Take up a paper most any day, and you will read of some woman who has been arrested and fined for keeping a "disorderly bath room." Only recently, in the very heart of the city, a woman was arrested

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for harboring girls under age in her "bath room" resort.

Not long since my business took me to the place owned by Mrs. ——— at 43——Street. The place had been previously "tipped off" to me, and was supposed by the people in the neighborhood to be properly conducted. Calling at the house in question, I pushed the electric button and waited for a response. My informant had given me the right information, and imagine my surprise when the door was opened and a prepossessing woman, perhaps 20 years old, met me in an almost nude condition. I was admitted and at once inquired for the proprietor. Being informed that she was engaged at that moment, but would soon be "free," I concluded to wait, and gained much information from the young woman who admitted me. There were six "baths" in this establishment, each "stall" being handsomely curtained off, making separate rooms, which were presided over by a woman.

God pity the countryman, or the intoxicated man that happens to fall into the clutches of the proprietors who run one of these places. Theft is often resorted to in order to gain money, and

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many a "poor devil" has been found in the alley, or wandering hopelessly in the streets, after being robbed in one of these pest-holes.

The police know of these indecent "rooms" but make no attempt to drive them out of business. Arrests are made, and sometimes fines are paid, but the owners continue to do business in the same old way, and at the same old stand, and it may be as a proprietor once said to me:

"O, the police will not bother me; why, they take 'baths' here!"

The Department Store Evil

The department store is a curse to the country, and do more injury to society than all other business establishments combined. They are breeders of discontent and a line of demarcation between the home and the brothel. In most instances the wages paid are insufficient to maintain existence, and the majority of the workers are compelled by dire necessity to seek some other method of livelihood in order to save themselves from starvation. Many instances have oft been told where women have resorted to prostitution and theft to obtain that which God has given all a right to—a decent living.

The women employed back of the counters in a department store are paid \$5.00 to \$7.00 per week. The Young Woman's Christian Association, a so-called benevolent organization, charges \$5.25 for a room and board, two persons in a

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room, and to figure out where the saleswoman can maintain herself and her honor on that sum, is, indeed, beyond ordinary comprehension. There is small chance for her existence, and the cause of her terrible sufferings should be stripped of everything which has distinguished it for its demoralizing influence. I cannot dig into the root of the evil, but I can denounce in vehement terms the rich rascals who own these great commercial institutions, who pay a wage to the workers which condemns them to a living hell. Were I in the legislature, one of my first acts would be to have a bill passed, compelling these monsters to pay living wages to their help.

Another despicable feature of the department store is the number of young girls they employ. Many of them are scarcely in their teens. They are continually thrown into the maelstrom of the underworld. They are obliged to wait upon and talk to "the painted women of the town." The demoralizing influence is often very great, and the way is made easier for the procurers who abound in all institutions where a great number of women are congregated. These poor, pale, under-paid girls are weaklings in the hands of the

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moral "outcast," who come to them with tales of wealth, luxury and an easy life. Thousands of girls every year are being led into lives of shame by reason of the environments encountered.

If conditions were such that the young women employed in the great retail emporiums of our city could have reasonable recreation and sufficient remuneration for services rendered they would not choose the road that leads straight to hell. For these poor souls, there is scarcely a blush. They are drawn to the market and sold as the brute for gold. It is a serious business, and some day will call forth loud protests from the press and pulpit of the land. The open battle is on; the merchant prince is victor so far, and we can only hope that eventually justice will prevail.

There are many damaging stories told about unscrupulous managers of these department stores, and if true, the rascals should be brought to swift punishment. The young woman in question was a sweet-faced girl, eighteen years old, and from a small town in southern Illinois. She was just out of school and knew nothing of the ways of the world. Her father had recently died,

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leaving her the main support of the little family, consisting of herself, mother and two younger sisters. Knowing of the great department stores here, she left her home and came to Chicago with expectations of finding employment and of being a great help to her mother. Arriving here she went with all haste to one of the "big" stores and made application for employment, and was told that work would be given her. She was overcome with joy at the prospect of being able to send home a substantial sum each week, and make glad the hearts of the loved ones there. Upon making inquiry as to the amount of salary she would receive, was told that she would be given the munificent amount of \$5.00 per week. As she realized what this meant to her, her heart sank low, and tears dimmed her eyes.

Recovering herself, she said to the manager: "I am afraid I cannot work for so small a sum; I am obliged to pay my board, and that would not support me." His answer to this appeal is indeed shocking, and should arouse the indignation of every father and mother, and bring them to a realization of the dangers their daughters are subjected to. This brazen rascal had the effront-

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ery to ask her if she did not have "some 'friend' on the outside who would help her."

Her face flushed. She saw the point, and turning, left him without another word.

The Ice Cream Joints.

Much damage is being done to the morals of young boys and girls in the confectionery stores operated by foreigners. In every quarter of the city you will see a sign reading similar to the following: "Pizzaza Popupka's Ice Cream Parlor." The men who own the "joints" are as a rule rascals, and stop at nothing short of murder to gain wealth. Every trick that is known to the dishonest merchant is to them a welcome art, and they grow rich upon money secured from strangers in the city who are at the mercy of the wretches. These men break the law continually, and have no conception of moral decency. They are often brought before the court for infringement of the sanitary statutes.

Some of the more unscrupulous men have "private quarters" for the accommodation of the boys and girls, and it is no uncommon sight to see these young people carousing in them in an inde-

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cent manner. Many arrests have been made and fines collected, but the disreputable features are not eliminated and the rascally business continues to flourish.

The majority of the "joints" are owned by Greeks, though many Italians, Englishmen, Irishmen and even Americans are engaged in the business. The most rascally, however, are the Greeks. The worst feature of their business is in the enticing of young girls into their rooms. Many cases have been reported to the police where young and innocent girls have been ruined. They do not stop at that, however, and often little children have been literally torn to pieces by their dastardly practices. The law should be built around these wretches in some strong and powerful manner that would compel them to obey its injunction.

Not long since my attention was called to a place of this character at the corner of ——— Avenue and ———st Street. I called at the place in question on a Saturday night in company with another gentleman, and the sight that I saw staggered me, and a description of the scene would scarcely be believed by the reader. There

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they were! count them! twos and fours; all mingled together in a riotous encounter.

I was at a loss at first to account for the disorder, and looked at the gentleman who was with me in a dazed sort of way, and asked him what he thought of the sight. "This is hell, only a little more so," he answered.

I then endeavored to find the cause of so much disorder. Seating myself in a distant corner of the room, I was soon approached by a low-browed individual, who inquired:

"Wot hav?"

I had previously noticed that most of those present were being served with liquid refreshments, and at once came to the conclusion that our Greek friend was doing a "crooked business." I answered him by saying:

"Bring me the same drink they have at the next table."

He disappeared; and in another moment returned with the drink I had ordered. Well, when my friend and I had tasted the contents of the fancy shaped glass, our surprise was complete, for the liquid was pretty near the "real thing,"

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and probably was about 80 per cent alcohol. This was the interpretation of the disorder which was a nightly occurrence at the "Greek Ice Cream Parlor."

He was promptly reported to the police, and his place was closed within twenty-four hours.

Automobile Riding

Automobiling is becoming a dangerous thing in Chicago in more ways than one. It is called "joy riding" by the newspapers, and has been given this peculiar name because of the class of men and women who abuse the pastime by all-night drunken carousals. It is becoming a positively dangerous enjoyment to both life and morals in the city. Hardly a day passes that some person is not run down and maimed or killed by the half-drunken chauffers and even worse passengers. The city ordinance restricts the speed of vehicles, and especially that of these powerful engines, but the irresponsible persons handling them have, apparently, no regard for life or law. Many of the drivers are inveterate cigarette smokers and are half-crazed in consequence.

The passengers are usually men of no standing in the community and the women are either semi-prostitutes or professional harlots. Often you will find the wife of some hard-working man

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among the crowd, and many homes are broken up by the too frequent "joy ride."

This feature of automobile riding is becoming a nuisance and a disgrace to those who indulge in it. It is attracting the attention of the authorities, though they seem incapable of restricting the nuisance. Step to your phone almost any time of the day or night and you will, if you listen, hear some man or woman making a clandestine appointment, in which the "joy ride" is made the subject of conversation.

It is impossible to estimate the amount of drunkenness that is caused from this condition. It is very large, however, and is assuming larger proportions every day. The "joy rides" often stopping at as many as twenty "saloons" in the course of one night. The "ride" usually ends up in a drunken debauch or at some police station.

Time and again have young girls been rescued from the wretches who are continually on the lookout for recruits to fill the ever-waiting dens of vice. Only recently a case of this character was reported to the police and arrests made. It happened that a very attractive girl, not yet out

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of her teens, met a young man and was invited to take a ride. She accepted the invitation without a suspicion of the terrible consequences. After being whirled through the streets and boulevards for some time, and becoming, as she thought, better acquainted with the man, was invited to have some refreshments in one of the numerous road-houses with which the city abounds. This proved to be her undoing. The wretch who inticed her to take a ride, bought and drugged the drink he gave her; deliberately afterward drove to the "levee" and unloading his human freight, collected his price, and drove away. The young woman was horror stricken when she recovered from the drug, and demanding her release, reported the occurrence to the police. This is but one of the many similar cases which are being reported continually.

The Amusement Evil

The amusement evil in Chicago is becoming alarmingly great. The big and the little theatres flaunt their cheap, vile performances before the public in a way that would not be tolerated in a well governed city. Examples of vulgarity are the "drawing card" and the immoral imbeciles who attend the so-called plays are to a great extent to be blamed for much of the degeneracy portrayed in the show houses.

These performances are not only attended by the low-browed, pimpled-faced, cigarette-smoking gentry, but often by mothers and wives and women in "society." You will also see the gum-chewing girls there in great numbers, who seem to take pride in acting in a masculine way, that is admired by a dull, putrid and licentious type.

The newspapers have had much to say about the "blood-and-thunder" "five-cent" shows, and have no doubt spoken truthfully, but I venture to say, that more harm is done the morals of the com-

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munity in one week by performances of shows bearing the head-lines of "Get Busy With Emily," than all the five-cent shows combined. The authorities should rid the city of these vice-breeding-house-of-prostitution-advertising-show-houses. The shame of it, however, falls equally on the patrons of the place. The managers would not produce the vile, coarse, indecent entertainments, if it were not for the coarse, ignorant, brain-lacking men and women who go to them with their mouths wide open, ready to gulp down every word pertaining to licentious degeneracy.

"Get Busy With Emily." Isn't that a picture for you! O, you praying fathers and mothers; how many of you have witnessed the performance of this nasty, suggestive, pig-pen show? How about **your** Emily, Mary or Martha, who is being dragged down by these immoral shows? It should be "Get Busy with Your City Officers."

Sweet Charity

In our work as an investigator we have been asked many times what we do with the young women who come to Chicago seeking employment and who have no safe place of abode. Our answer is generally unsatisfactory, and we confess to them that the outlook is discouraging. All the talk about good homes for the working-woman at small cost, is bosh, and the public should not deceive itself. The grand ladies of our Lake Shore Drive and other fashionable boulevards, may fuss and fume about the "poor working girl," but I have yet to find any practical result of their solicitude. "It is true we have the Young Women's Christian Association, which makes some pretention to lighten the burden of a great number of our working girls, but upon investigation it is found that this institution is maintained for gain. As heartless as it may seem, the boarders are required to pay from \$5.00 to \$7.00 per week for ordinary board, and the tran-

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sient from \$8.00 to \$12.00 per week. If there is one spark of benevolence connected with the prices charged by this branch of the so-called Christian Association, it does not impress itself very forcibly upon the average man or woman.

It's all for gain. The fashionably attired ladies are not working for "glory," it's the "coin that there is in it." They act with their eyes "open," and apparently with genuine business motives.

The Cigarette Evil

Many minds and bodies are being ruined by the use of the "deadly cigarette." It is unmistakably next to the drink habit so far as mental and bodily harm is concerned. The evil is assuming startling proportions among both sexes. Men and women of all stations of life, the good and the bad have acquired the habit of over-indulgence in their use. The evil is not confined to the inmates and frequenters of the brothel, as it is generally supposed to be, but is found in the homes of people of refined tastes, and is blighting the lives of our society women and their daughters. Even ministers of the gospel are addicted to the painful and dangerous habit. The evil is becoming alarmingly great, and men have been known to die horrible deaths from this cause alone, and still there is no hand raised to stay the ravages of this abominable nuisance. It is true there has been a special law passed regulating the sale of cigarettes, but it is not properly enforced and is to a

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large extent a dead letter. Boys of any age can buy "the makings." Many disreputable druggists go so far as to advertise the sale of cigarettes and make a specialty of them for the accommodation of their women patrons. Of course almost every cigar store handles them and it is doubtful if the special license is collected with any degree of accuracy.

It is a notorious fact that some of our finest homes on the avenues and boulevards teem with the nauseating fumes of the nasty-smelling cigarette, and both men and women of the household use them with a boldness that shocks the modest man or woman.

The women who smoke cigarettes do so with the knowledge that it is a reproach to their character, and it is astonishing to know how they maintain their positions in society. They are very numerous, however, and the evil which has fastened its deadly grip upon them they are powerless to shake off.

As to the young men and boys who use cigarettes, it has become a dreadful disease, and is the cause of much crime, some even becoming raving maniacs through excessive use of them. Others

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lose all sense of honor and decency, becoming absolute slaves to the habit, and will lie, steal, and even sell the clothing off their backs in order to procure the narcotic to appease their nervous condition.

In the business world the inveterate cigarette smoker is looked upon as a nuisance and many firms will not employ one if they detect the habit in time.

The evil is next to the drink habit and some stringent means should be devised to stop the terrible havoc that is being wrought among the men and women of our land.

Chop Suey Joints

The Chinaman may be a stranger and a waif in a great city, but he has managed to establish himself in the chop suey business here. They do not monopolize the business, however, for the wily Jap is always ready to take hold of a "good thing." It is amazing to see the number of young women who frequent these places, and become surprisingly intimate with the men connected with the place. These restaurants are usually elaborately furnished in the style peculiar to our almond-eyed brother and lends a weird and fantastic aspect to the surroundings.

It is not all gold that glitters," however, and "behind the scenes" many startling tragedies and revolting crimes are enacted. Almost all of these "joints" employ white girls to do the kitchen work, and time and again the city has been aroused by the atrocious crime committed upon some fair-faced girl. Arrests are made, the guilty one punished, but still the doors remain open, and

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the proprietors grow rich from their white patrons.

Not many weeks have passed since startling disclosures were made in one of these "joints." In a separate room a young German girl was found dead. She was horribly mutilated, and evidence was produced to prove she had been drugged, and ravished, and that no less than twenty men had visited the apartment during the course of the night.

A great many people are skeptical and doubt the truth of these revolting disclosures; however, if these same people will visit the police courts in Chicago, their minds will be disabused of the fact that many of these places are bad and should be placed under special restrictions.

The Story of Lena Murphy

This little book would not be complete did it not contain an account of poor Lena Murphy. In the long roll of anti-Christian acts there is no blacker record than that which deals with the lost women of our streets. Nothing can exceed in revolting injustice the conventional mode of treating the weaker and the most tempted as a moral leper, while her guiltier partner occupies the highest places in the synagogue.

Justice is at least as holy a thing as charity and the injustice of the world's judgment which the Church has countersigned is as loathsome as the selfish immorality of the man which it condones as a kind of offset to the severity with which it avenges the faults of the weaker sinner.

The lost women, these poor sisters of Christ, the images in which we have fashioned a womanhood first made in the image of God, are as numerous in Chicago as in any other great city. The silent

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vice of capitols abounds here at least to the same extent that it prevails in other cities of the million class. The regulars of the army of vice constitute the solid core or neuclus of a host far more numerous of irregulars, who, either from the love of license or from the needs of money, give way to temptation which is always at hand. The inmates of "houses," are probably not one-tenth of the total number of women who regard their sex as legitimate merchandise.

Both "houses" and "roomers" may be found in all parts of the city. From the business section back to the grand trees of the suburbs. But there is no section in which they are so concentrated as in the "Red Light" district. It was there in the hot-bed of unrighteousness that I found Lena Murphy in the house of Madame Leroque.

Madame Leroque is a familiar figure in the alsatia of more than one city. She is famous in the Chicago courts as having been defendant in many cases of wrongdoing. Her career is known by the police from coast to coast, and she has plied her calling in many of the large cities of the country.

It was after a "raid" that I made Lena Mur-

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phy's acquaintance. I was making my rounds, and stung by the cold winds that swept the streets bare of dust and refuse, I entered a neighboring saloon. Seating myself at a nearby table I was soon approached by the person whom I call Lena Murphy. Lena was flushed, and somewhat forward; both her eyes were discolored, the result of a fight with a French inmate of the "house" adjoining the saloon.

"I don't want anything," I said to Lena. "Why can't you talk decently once in a while? Sit down and let us have a good talk."

Lena looked at me half incredulously, and then sat down.

"Why don't you leave this life?" I said to her. She did not answer.

"Are you not tired of it all, have you not drunk to the bottom of your cup?" A dreamy look came over her face.

Then she said, "It's no use."

"What's no use?" I asked her, and after a time she told me her story.

It was a grim story; commonplace enough, and yet as tragic as life, that story was told to me in that smoke-laden saloon. The old devil flitted in

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and out, superintending his business; the jingling piano was going over in the corner. Young girls and women were seated around the cheap pine tables. Some had escorts and still others were alone, nodding and winking at the strange men as they dropped in. Here in this place where the air was full of the reek of beer and tobacco, Lena spoke soberly, in an undertone, so that the patrons might not hear what she was saying. Her narrative, which she told without any pretense or without any appeal for sympathy or for help, seemed a microcosm of the human race. The whole of the story was there; from the Fall to the Redemption. It seemed the blighting of the hopes of mankind. I give it here as a page, soiled and grimy it may be, but nevertheless a veritable page torn from the book of life.

Lena Murphy is a human document in which is recorded the ruin of one of the least of those of the brethren of Christ. It illustrates many things in our social organization, from the ruthless sacrifice of childhood, due to the lack of factory laws, to the murderous brutality of conventional Christianity, aping the morality without the heart of its Lord.

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"No," said Lena, coldly. "It's no use! Don't commence no religion on me. I've had enough already. Are you a Church member?"

"Why?" I asked. "No, I am not a Church member."

"I'm glad," she said, "you are not a Church member. I have no use for Church members. I will never go near any of them again, and if I could do any of them any harm, I would travel a thousand miles to do it."

Lena was excited and troubled. Something in the past seemed to harass her, and her language was more vigorous than can be quoted here. After a little she became more restrained, and by degrees I had her whole history.

She was born of Irish-American parents in Boston in 1880. Her father was a carpenter by trade. Her mother died when Lena was a mere child. Shortly after her death the family crossed the continent to California, where her father married again. He was a drunkard, a gambler and a violent-tempered man, much given to drinking, and inclined to treat his children with great brutality.

Lena, after spending a year or two in a convent school in San Francisco, left before she had

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learned to read or write, and began to make her own living, at nine years of age. She was employed in a shoe factory, where she made from \$3.00 to \$4.50 a week at piece work. At the factory Lena learned to read out of the newspapers, by the aid of her companions, and when she was eleven was sufficiently smart to obtain a situation as companion and reader to an old lady, who was an invalid, at \$15.00 a month and her board. The place was comfortable. She remained there until she was eighteen.

From that situation she went as chambermaid to a private family in Golden Gate Avenue. She was eighteen, full of vigor and gaiety. She was a brunette with long, dark hair, a lively disposition, and withal the charming audacity and confidence of inexperience. She fell in love. The man was older than she, and for a time she was as happy as most young people in their first dream. Of course she was going to be married. If only the marriage day would come! But there are twenty-four hours in every day, and seven days in every week. Her betrothed, not less impatient, hinted that after all they were already united, why could not they anticipate the ceremony. Did

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she not trust him? He swore that it was all right, that everybody did the same, and they would be so much more to each other.

But why repeat the oft-told story. Let this be a warning to young womanhood. At first Lena would not listen to the suggestion. But after a time when he pressed her and upbraided her and declared that she could not love him if she did not trust him, she went the way of many thousands, only to wake as they have done with the soft illusion dissipated by the terrible reality of motherhood drawing near, with no husband to be a father to her child. When she told him of her condition, he said it was all right; they must get married directly. If she would leave her place and meet him the next day at the corner of a certain street, he would take her to a church and they would be married. In all trusting innocence, relying upon his word, she gave up her situation, put up such things as she could carry and went next day to the trysting place. Of course the man was not there. After waiting until heartsick she went to make inquiries; she soon discovered the fatal truth. Her lover was a married man,

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and he had skipped the town, followed by the brother of another of his victims.

Imagine her position! She had exactly fifteen cents in her pocket. If she had gone home her father, fierce and irascible as he usually was, would have thought little of killing the daughter who had brought disgrace upon the family. She dare not return to her old situation which she had left so suddenly. She had no character from her mistress and no references. What was she to do?

Her position is one in which several thousands of young women find themselves all over the world at this very moment. She was in the position of Eve after she had eaten the forbidden fruit and had been cast out of the Garden of Eden.

It was a modern version of the Fall, and as the Fall led down to destruction, so it was with Lena Murphy. She seemed to be shut up to sin. She wandered about the town seeking work. Finding none all that day, she walked about in the evening. She kept walking aimlessly on and on, until night came and she was afraid. When it was quite dark and she found a quiet corner she crouched upon a doorstep and tried to sleep. What was she to do? She was lonely and miser-

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able; every month her trouble would grow worse. Where could she hide? She dozed off only to awaken with a start. No one was near; she tried to sleep again. Then she got up and walked a little and rested again. When morning came she was tired out and wretched. Then she remembered the address of a girl she knew who was living in the neighborhood. She hunted her up and was made welcome. But her friend had no money. For one night she sheltered her, but all her efforts to find work were in vain.

What was to be done? On the third day she and her friend met a man who asked them if they wanted employment. They answered eagerly, yes. He gave them the address of a woman who he thought could give them something to do. They went there and found it was a house of ill-fame. The woman took them in and told them they might stay. Lena hesitated. But what was she to do? She had lost her character and her place, and she had no friends. Here she could at least get food and shelter, and remain until her baby was born. It seemed as if she was driven to it. She said to herself that she could not help it,

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and so it came to pass that Lena came "upon the town."

Two years she remained there, making the best of it. Her baby fortunately died soon after it was born, and she continued to tread the cinder path of sin alone. This went on for three years, and then there dawned upon her darkened life a real manifestation of redeeming love. One day when she had had a fit of the blues a young man came into the house. He was very young, not more than twenty. Something in her appearance attracted him, and when they were alone he spoke to her so kindly that she marveled. She told him how wretched she was, and he, treating her as if she were his own sister, encouraged her to hope for release. "Take this," he said, as he left her, giving her five dollars. "Save up all you can until you can pay off all your debts and then we will get you out of this."

He came again, and yet again, always treating her in the same brothely fashion, and giving her five dollars every time, and never asking anything in return.

After she had saved up sufficient store to pay off that debt to the landlady, which hangs like a

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mill-stone around the neck of the unfortunate, her young friend told her he had talked to his mother and his sister, and that as soon as she was ready they would be happy to take her into their home until such time as they could find her a situation. Full of delight at the unexpected deliverance, Lena made haste to leave. The young man's mother was as good as her word. In that home she found a warm welcome, and a safe retreat. Lena made great efforts to break off her habit of swearing, and although she every now and then failed, she made such progress that at length it was deemed safe and prudent to let her take a place as a general servant. The short stay in that Christian home had been to her as a glimpse into the opening paradise. Hope sprang up once more into the girl's breast. She would be an honest woman once again. Thus, as we have seen her reproduce the Fall, so we see the blessed work of the Redemption. Now we have to see the way in which his people, "the other ones," as she called them, shuddering, fulfilled their trust.

Lena went to a situation in Oakland, Alameda County, California. Her new mistress was a Mrs. McC——, a Catholic of devout disposition. She

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was a general servant at ten dollars a month. She worked hard, and gave every satisfaction. Even the habit of profanity seemed to have been conquered. Gradually the memory of her past life with its hideous concomitants was becoming faint and dim, when suddenly the past was brought back to her with a shock. She was serving at the table when she suddenly recognized in one of the guests a man who had been a customer in the old "house." She felt as if she was going to drop dead when she recognized him, but she said nothing. The "gentleman," however, was not so reticent.

"Where did you get that girl from?" he asked Mr. McC——.

"Get her," said Mr. McC——; "why, she's a servant in our house."

"Servant," sneered the guest; "I know her. She is a —— from San Francisco."

How eternally true are Lowell's lines:

Grim-hearted world, that look'st with Levite eyes
On those poor fallen by too much faith in man,
She that upon thy freezing threshold lies,
Starved to more sinning by thy savage ban,
Seeking that refuge because foulest vice,
More God-like than thy virtue is, whose span

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Shuts out the wretched only, is more free
To enter Heaven than thou wilt ever be!

Thou wilt not let her wash thy dainty feet
With such salt things as tears, or with rude hair
Dry them, soft Pharisee, that sitt'st at meat
With him that made her such, and speak'st him fair,
Leaving God's wandering lamb the while to bleat
Unheeded, shivering in the pittanceless air;
Thou hast made prisoned virtue show more wan
And haggard than a vice to look upon.

But in this case it was even worse. The lamb which had sought shelter was driven back into the wilderness.

Mr. McC—— would not believe it, but said that he would tell his wife. Mrs. McC—— at once sent for Lena.

"If only I'd been wise," she said to me when telling the story, "I would have denied it, and they would have believed me. But I thought I had broken with all that, and that I had to tell the truth. So I owned up and said, yes, it was true; I had been so, but that I had reformed, and had left all that kind of life. But the old woman, d—— her! she would listen to nothing. 'Faith, she would not have the disgrace of having a —— in her house!' that was all she said."

"Have you anything against me—have I not

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done your work for you ever since I came to you?" I asked her.

"No," was the reply, "I have nothing against you, but I cannot have a person of your character in my house. You must go."

Lena implored her to give her a chance. "You are a Catholic," she said, "will you not give me a helping hand?"

"No," was the inexorable reply. "That does not matter. I cannot have a —— in my house."

Feeling as if she were sinking in deep water Lena fell on her knees sobbing bitterly and begged her for the love of God to have mercy on her and at least to give her a recommendation so that she might get another place.

It was no use. "I cannot do that, for if anything went wrong I would be to blame for it."

"Well, then," said Lena, "at least give me a line saying that for the months I have been here I have worked to your satisfaction."

"No," she said.

"The old hound!" exclaimed Lena to me. "My God, if ever I get the chance I'll have that she devil's life. Yes, if I swing for it. What does it matter? She's blasted my life. When I saw it

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was all no use, I lost all heart and all hope and I gave up then and there. There's no hope for such as me. No, I had my chance and she spoiled it, d——n her for a blasted old hypocrite. And now it's no use. No use, never any more. I use dope, I drink. I'm lost. I'm only a ——. I shall never be anything else. I'm far worse than ever I was, and am going to the devil as fast as I can. It's no use, but d——n me to blue blazes if I ever come within a thousand miles of that old fiend if I don't knife her. When I think what I might have been but for her! Oh, God!" she cried, "What have they done with my life?"

What indeed? After the Fall the Redemption, after the Redemption the Apostacy and now as the result, one of "The images ye have made of me."

"And He took him by the right hand and lifted him up!" Lifted him up! My brother."

Nothing is more obvious to any one who pays attention to the teachings of our Lord than the fact that the conventional judgment about the reputable and disreputable is foreign to the Christian ideal. Who are the most disreputable women in Chicago? They are those who have been

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dowered by society and Providence with all the gifts and all the opportunities; who have wealth and who have leisure, who have all the talents and who live entirely self-indulgent lives, caring only for themselves, thinking only of the welfare of their brothers and sisters in the midst of whom they live. Those women who have great opportunities only to neglect them, and who have great means only to squander them upon themselves, are more disreputable in the eyes of God and man than the worst harlot in the city of Chicago.

Among the many sad aspects of the present time, the saddest is the way in which it presses upon women. More than ever before at this time do I feel able to join in the old Jewish prayer, in which, every Saturday, man thanks God that he was not born a woman. For man in the midst of his misery and destitution is not tormented by the temptation to regard his virtue as a realizable asset. That is the supreme misery of woman. Therefore I am glad to think that some women are bestirring themselves for women. If one go down into the depths and come face to face with the actual facts of human life we will find that at this moment in the city the economic difficulty

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confronts us at every turn. The poor outcast previously mentioned was willing and anxious to leave the life she was leading and did for a while, yet difficulties arose that blasted the poor girl's life. So it is all around the chapter. For unless all the teachings of all the religions is false it is better for a man to lose his life and be miserable and poor and tormented than be comfortable and the possessor of all things and lose his own soul. None are in such danger of losing their souls as those who are wrapped up in their own selfish comfort and who forget the necessities of the brothers and sisters of the Lord.

The idle rich! It is difficult indeed to find language adequate to express the sense of shame, of disgust, and humiliation with which we look upon those whom a bountiful providence and a kindly society has showered all the wealth of the world. They have all their hearts can desire and they use all these blessings merely to gild their own styes and to increase the quality and to improve the flavor of the swill upon which they fatten. It is difficult to speak calmly of such people or to express the degree of confusion and sorrow and indignation which that class of self-indulgent wo-

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men excite in the mind of any intelligent person. I believe that the frivolous, self-indulgent woman of fashion and woman of society is worse, infinitely worse, than many a harlot. These are harsh words, but decent manhood and womanhood know them to be true and well spoken, and I feel glad to know that they reverberate throughout the land.

Here are two typical cases. There is a poor girl come up from the country to this great city, and who is alone and friendless. She is good looking and gets a position as a saleswoman or as a stenographer. Her health gives way and she is laid up. When she comes back her place is filled and she is out of a berth. She goes from place to place seeking work, and you who have never had to do so do not know how hard it is to seek for work day after day and find none. In the midst of her trouble, when she is nearly at her last cent, someone comes along. He likes her looks, and proposes to her, with more or less preamble, that she go and live with him. That is the way many begin. She has no friends, she has no money, and the man at least seems kind and sympathetic, which is more than most of them are. She must

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live. She sees starvation before her. Her poverty, not her will, consents. She becomes his mistress. After a while he tells her to go and do as the others do. She is now down in the "levee" district, loathing the life she leads and drowning her thoughts with drink and often wishing that when she lies down to sleep she may never rise again. That is the common type. There is another type, a woman who is young and strong and healthy, pretty and lazy. She does not want to work if she can help it. She sees that if, in the bloom of youth, she makes a market of herself she can earn more money in a week than what she could earn in a month by hard work. She sells herself accordingly. She says, "I suppose my body belongs to myself, and I cannot see why I cannot do what I like with my own." So she does what she likes and makes a living out of it. That is another type.

Both types are confounded under the common cognomen of fallen women or prostitutes. There is all the difference between them that there is between the fixed stars. I have given both in order that you may compare them to other counterparts among the idle rich. There is a woman, she

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is young, she belongs to the cream of the cream of society. She has all the education which wealth can secure her, she has carriages to bear her to and fro so that she will never have to put her dainty foot to the pavement. She thinks of nothing except pleasing herself, and uses her wealth to minister to vanity and her glory. She uses her carriages solely for her own gratification, and uses that priceless and peerless influence which a good and cultivated woman can exercise, upon her acquaintances to increase the excitement and frivolity of society. She does what she likes with her own. She uses it all for herself, but, having some self-respect, she draws the line at her carcass, which the other does not. Between the two what is the difference? Each one uses what she has received to minister to her own gratification, her own vanity and her own excitement. Upon one society showers all its condemnation. Press, pulpit and women all unite in hurling the severest anathemas upon her who is often more "sinned against than sinning," while they have nothing but adulation and praise for the pet of society who has never spent a single thought ex-

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cepting upon herself. That is bad. It is not our Lord's way of judging.

Unfortunately there is even worse than that. Some of our wealthy women do not even draw the line at their carcass. There is one thought that strikes us with amazement—how the women reared in this great republic, the daughters of our millionaires, who have been born with every blessing which American civilization can give them, instead of taking pride in their American citizenship are ready in their lust for vainglory and their mad desire to outstrip, if only by a hair's-breadth, some rival, to sell themselves as much as any harlot on the "levee" to the most miserable scion of European nobility.

The following is taken from a speech made by Mr. William F. Stead, before the Chicago Womans Club:

"I remember one of our dukes who bore an ancient name. He was divorced on the charge of cruelty and adultery. On one occasion when I was editing the Pall Mall Gazette, he wrote a letter for publication in the paper, which discoursed upon the subject of bimentalism. I sent it back. I wrote him I did not wish to publish that

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letter or any other letters in that controversy now. But I told him I should not be frank if I did not tell him that the reason why I sent the letter back, however, was not because of the subject, but because of its author. "Rightly, or wrongly," I wrote, "you have the reputation for ruining women for your own pleasure, and therefore you are infinitely worse than though you cut throats for hire; therefore I return your manuscript." Shortly afterwards he went to the United States and married an American woman of wealth. What do you think of your women if they allow themselves to be disposed of in this fashion?"

Mr. Stead has put the question straight to us, and it goes direct to the homes of our millionaires.

Why should our young men and women waste their lives and the divine enthusiasm of youth simply in their own gratification, and why should they give all these to wine and women and to all the methods of fashionable debauchery when there are men and women and children at our very door whom they can help, and for not helping, whom will they have to answer on the Day of Judgment? Why, instead of wasting their time and their lives in idleness, why not devote more

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time to the class who were nearest and dearest to the Master's heart? It is within the power of our "idle rich" to save many Lena Murphys.

The Strong Arm Woman

Strange as it may seem to one in this enlightened age, the strong arm women exist to an alarming extent. These robust, reckless women hesitate at nothing short of murder, and even that is often resorted to in order to cover up the crimes done by them. They usually go in pairs, and their method of procedure is to seize their intended victim as he passes them and rush him into some dark hallway, house or alley; usually the latter. Some rent houses in the tough districts and either lure or rush their victims in as before described. These wretches are usually employed by some band of men or have lovers, who are thieves, and willingly do the work for them. They will stop at nothing in the catagory of crime and their acts are so bold and committed so openly that the policemen on the beat is pointed at as a "stand-in." When two of these bleary-

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eyed, painted heavyweights accost you on the street, make your retreat as rapidly as possible, or a watch, pocket-book or perchance a diamond stud will be among the missing. This injunction is for the unsophisticated, the young men and our country cousins.

I recall an instance where the son of a business acquaintance was intrusted with a large sum of money and was sent with it to a bank to be deposited. In passing along a crowded thoroughfare in the heart of the West Side, he was suddenly seized by both arms and at once rushed into a neglected frame building. Being of robust build and of athletic tendencies, the women in question were no match for him. All at once the aims of the women dawned upon him, and as the door was being closed behind them, he gave one of them a terrific kick and at the same instant gave the other one a stinging blow in the face which sent her sprawling on the floor. He at once made his escape, but none too soon, however, for just then two rough looking men entered the room through another door, one carried a long, dangerous looking knife, while the other man

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held a vicious looking revolver pointed straight at his head.

Had the women succeeded in fastening the door, the young man would have been at the mercy of the robbers, and he was, indeed, fortunate to escape with his life.

Often these cheap houses are rented just for the purpose of robbery, and if a "good haul" is made the thieves at once vacate the premises after blindfolding and gagging their victim and leaving them to be found by more merciful hands.

As incredible as it may seem, scenes like the one here narrated are enacted every day in our big city. The police do not seem able to abate the evil, and so it goes on from day to day. One reason why the thieves are not captured and punished is owing to the reluctance of the victims in informing the authorities. Some people really condone crime by the fear of publicity. While no stain can be attached to those informing the police, yet there are thousands of cases which never reach the lieutenant's office and thousands of other cases which never reach the public. Much blame should rest upon the shoulders of the citizen who will tolerate crime and submit to numer-

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ous insults and indignities rather than tell his troubles to the police judge. To sum up the situation, there would be much less robbery, if the so-called good citizen would do his duty.

Casting Out Devils

They greatly err who imagine that the doctrine of diabolical possession is an exploded superstition. Not only individuals but communities are often the victims of this unhallowed appropriation by the Powers of Evil of that which was designated as the Temple of the Holy Spirit. As in olden time the casting out of devils was one of the most manifest signs of the power of the Messiah, so to-day if he were to appear amongst us in Chicago He would doubtless signalize His divine presence and power in a similar fashion.

Chicago, like other cities, is possessed by a host of unclean spirits, whose name is Legion, for they are many. Especially so in the political life of the great city. From the head on down to the most menial and underpaid servant of the people, graft and political debauchery holds full sway, and can be sufficiently distinguished to be named and described should I choose to name the recreants in this connection

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The citizen and taxpayer is plundered by political tricksters, and are forced to bear burdens and submit to losses which could be avoided by a more sensible treatment of their affairs.

The process of the accumulation of the grafters goes on irresistibly. The snow ball gathers as it grows. Men become rich and even millionaires off of moderate salaries. The transformation is hidden from the multitude because the coming despot eschews the tawdy tinsel of the crown, and liberty is believed to be as safe as well, let us say, as the populace of Rome believed the republic to be when Julius Caesar refused the imperial purple. Everywhere the sworn officers have the people by the throat. The taxpayer is his servant, and at present stands in some danger of becoming his slave.

Graft winds around us, covering us and enveloping us in its slimy folds. It is a spider in its shape, a chameleon in its rapid changes of hue. When angry it becomes purple. Its most disgusting characteristic is its impalpability. Its slimy folds strangle; its very touch paralyzes. It looks like a mass of scarbutic gangrened flesh; it is a hideous picture of loathsome disease. Once

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fixed you cannot tear it away by court or jury. It clings closely to its prey. The taxpayers and general voters are struggling with a void which possesses eight Antennae. No scratches, no bites, but an undescribable suffocation. The terrible wretch grins upon you with a thousand foul mouths. The hydra incorporates itself with the man, and the man with the hydra. You become one and the same. The grafter presses upon you, and you retain its pressure with only a low murmur. The devil fish draws you into its system. He drags you to him and into him; bound helplessly, glued where you stand, utterly powerless, you are gradually emptied into a loathsome receptacle, and the grafter lives off the fat of the land.

When will the voters cast out the devils?

Some Good Work

As investigator for the Douglas Neighborhood Club, it was my good fortune to be instrumental in ridding a portion of Chicago of the undesirable element which hang on with "bull-dog tenacity" to the beautiful residence district of the South Side.

The following is a report submitted to the club of some of the work done:

The Douglas Neighborhood Club:

The following is some of the work accomplished in the past six months by your investigator.

Arrested and convicted Mrs. —, house of ill-fame and harboring girls under age, in the Silverman building.

Reported Miss — and three inmates to Lieut. S—, who removed them at once. They were tenants in the Silverman building.

Arrested and convicted Miss — for renting rooms for immoral purposes.

Arrest and conviction of Miss —, house of

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prostitution. Took minimum fine and agreed to leave the city.

The arrest and conviction of Mr. —, corner of 32nd and Indiana avenue, keeper of saloon and house of assignation. Saloon closed and has never been re-opened, though persistent efforts have been made to open another saloon under new management.

Arrested Mr. —, owner of saloon and assignation house, corner of 35th and South Park Avenue. He was compelled to leave the district.

We have closed up and put "For Rent" signs on about sixty-five houses of assignation. These are the places where men take young girls and women for immoral purposes.

Closed up about twenty houses of ill-fame where women are kept for immoral purposes.

We arrested the notorious Madame —, 3000 Indiana Avenue, for keeping a house of ill-fame and hooche-cooche dance.

Arrested and convicted Mrs. —, assignation house.

Arrested Mr. —, 3028 Cottage Grove Avenue, house of assignation.

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Arrested proprietor of Hotel Foster, corner 39th and Ellis Avenue, house of assignation.

Arrested Mr. —, owner of apartment building, for allowing it to be used for immoral purposes. Through the Club's efforts twelve flats were vacated in this building.

Forced occupants to move from 192 East 32nd street without arrest.

Caused removal of tenant from northeast corner of 33rd street and South Park Avenue.

Removal of tenant who occupied a barn in alley east of Indiana Avenue, near 31st street. Complaint made by residents in the vicinity.

Caused removal of tenant at 214 East 33rd street.

Had Miss — moved from her home, which she had recently bought on South Park Avenue, near 35th streets, keeper of house of ill-fame. Has never been allowed to re-occupy same.

Reported to police and had tenants move from house on Michigan Avenue.

Arrest and conviction of Mrs. —, 3447 Prairie Avenue, assignation house for married women.

Arrest and conviction of Mr. —, 216 East

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31st street, saloon-keeper, for keeping open after hours.

Arrest of Miss —, house of ill-fame. Compelled her to move from the district.

Arrest and conviction of Miss —, house of ill-fame, 3000 Indiana Avenue. This was the second arrest in this building.

One of the most aggravated cases we have had to contend with was that of Mrs. —, whom we arrested on the charge of pandering. She very willingly sold a girl to us for \$50, but as the investigators did not purchase the girl for the purpose of taking her to a house of prostitution, we had no particular standing in the court, as the law reads that the person purchased or sold must be used for that purpose. As the investigators had no intention of buying the girl for immoral purposes the attorneys asked that the case be dismissed.

Have visited dozens of flats and residences that have been reported to us as suspicious. In many cases the tenants have moved away after such visits.

The above are some of the arrests and convictions, etc., that your investigators have caused.

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We find that the warfare must be continuous. We also find that publicity is one of the greatest weapons which we have in fighting the disreputables in our district. Invariably the women will ask whether it will get into the papers, and have more dread of publicity than they do of the police courts. We still have some cases pending in court.

Yours very truly,

SAMUEL P. WILSON,
Investigator for the Douglas Neighborhood
Club.

Note—The names of the above parties have been omitted for various reasons. Some are now out of business and others have left the district, and as our Association does not believe in persecuting anyone, we believe the reader will appreciate the omission of the same.

PART II.

**INTENDED FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. ALL
WHO HAVE ARRIVED AT THE
YEARS OF DISCRETION.**

CONTENTS

The Lost Sisterhood.

A Farewell to Innocence.

The Gates of Hell.

The Caldron of Woe.

The Romance of Crime.

The Lost Sisterhood

Prevalence of Prostitution in Chicago.

Prostitution is an appalling evil in Chicago. One can scarcely look in any direction without seeing some evidence of it. Street walkers parade the most prominent thoroughfares, dance houses and low concert halls flaunt their gaudy signs in public, and houses of ill-fame are conducted with a boldness unequalled anywhere in the world. The evil is very great, and is assuming larger proportions every year, and I now make the startling assertion, that the prostitutes of Chicago are as numerous as the members of the largest denomination of the city. From the most reliable information obtainable there are about six hundred houses of prostitution and about two hundred and fifty assignation houses in Chicago. The number of women known as prostitutes, and those who "receive" privately, and associate with women whose

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character is beyond reproach, is astounding. Of the number of women who resort to prostitution as a means of securing money, or from other motives, who yet manage to maintain positions of respectability in society, of course no estimate can be made. They are, unfortunately, very numerous, and are said by persons in position to speak with some degree of accuracy to equal the professionals in numbers.

These things are sad to contemplate and disagreeable to write about. The whole subject is unsavory; but no picture of Chicago would be complete did it not include an account of this terrible feature of city life, which meets the visitor at almost every turn; and it is believed that some good may be accomplished by stripping the subject of all its romance, and presenting it to the reader in its true and hideous colors.

The professional women of Chicago represent every grade of their wretched life, from the hells of the fashionable houses of ill-fame to the slowly dying inmates of a Dearborn street brothel. They begin their career with the hope that they will always remain in the class into which they enter, but find, when it is too late, they must go steadily

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down into the depths, closing their lives with a horrible death and a pauper's grave.

The so-called first-class houses of Chicago are conducted with more or less secrecy. It is the object of the proprietress to remain unknown to the police as long as possible, but she finds at last that this is impracticable. The sharp-eyed patrolmen soon discover suspicious signs about the house and watch it until their suspicions are verified, when the establishment is recorded as a house of ill-fame, and placed under police surveillance. These houses are not numerous, however, and not more than thirty in the entire city. Large rents are paid for them, and they are generally hired furnished. They are located in some quiet, respectable portion of the city, and outwardly appear to be simply private dwellings. It often happens that the neighbors are in ignorance of the true character of the house, long after it is known to the police. It is a notorious fact that some of our finest avenues and boulevards are infected with the infamous "houses." The proprietress is a woman of respectable appearance, and passes as a married woman, some man generally living with her, and passing as her husband. This en-

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ables her in case of trouble with the authorities, to show a legal protector and insist upon her claim to be a married woman.

The inmates are women in the first flush of their charms. They are handsome, well dressed, generally refined in manner, and conduct themselves with outward propriety; rude and boistrous conduct, improper language, and indecent behavior are forbidden in the parlors of the house, and a casual visitor passing through public rooms of the place would see nothing out of the usual way.

It is difficult to learn the causes which induce these women to adopt a life of shame. No reliance whatever can be placed upon the stories they tell of themselves. It cannot be doubted, however, that they are generally of respectable origin, and some of them are otherwise fitted to adorn the best circles of society. Some are young women who have been led astray by men who have failed to keep their promises to them, and have drifted into sin to hide their shame, others are wives who have left, or have been deserted by their husbands; others still have deliberately chosen the life, gratifying their love for money and dress; and others again appear to be influenced by motives of pure

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licentiousness. Whatever the cause of adoption of such a life, it is evident they have seen better days. They are still fresh and attractive, and for a while pursue their gilded career of sin and shame, hoping that they may be fortunate enough to retain their place in the aristocracy of vice. The proprietress will have no others than attractive women in her house; and as soon as the inmates begin to show signs of the wretched life they lead, as soon as sickness falls upon them, or they lose their beauty and freshness, she sends them away, and fills their places with more attractive women. She has no difficulty in doing this, for she has her agents on the watch for them all the time, and unfortunately new women are always soliciting admission to such places. Besides this, the proprietress knows that her patrons soon grow tired of seeing the same women in her establishment. She must make frequent changes to satisfy them, and she has no scruples about turning a woman out of her doors to begin the descent of the ladder of shame. Therefore, about one or two years is the average term of the stay of a woman in a fashionable house. A few do remain longer, but the number is so small as to

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constitute scarcely an exception to the general rule. As long as her "boarders" remain with her, the proprietress treats them fairly enough, apart from the fact that she manages to get out of them all the money she can. The women earn large amounts of money, but a considerable portion of this goes for board and other expenses in the house, and their extravagant habits and tastes exhaust the rest. They save nothing, and if taken sick must go to the Charity Hospital for treatment. Their dream of saving money lasts but a short time, and they leave the fashionable houses penniless.

The visitors to these houses are men of means. No one without a full pocket can afford such indulgence. Visitors are expected to spend considerable money for wine, which is always furnished by the proprietress at the most exorbitant prices, and at a profit of about 200 per cent. A large part of her revenue is derived from such sales, and she looks sharply after this branch of the business. The shamelessness with which men of standing and prominence, many of whom are fathers of families, resort to these houses and display themselves in the parlors is astounding.

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Indeed, the keeper of one of the most fashionable houses boasts that married men are her principal customers. Sometimes the visitor desires that his visits shall not be known. For such persons there are private rooms, where they are sure of seeing no one but the proprietress and the woman for whom their visit is intended. These houses are largely attended by strangers visiting Chicago; these, thinking themselves unknown in a large city, care little for privacy, and boldly show themselves in the general parlors. The proportion of married and middle-aged men among them is very great. You will find among them lawyers, physicians, judges of the courts, members of congress, and even ministers of the gospel, from all parts of the country. This may seem a startling assertion, but the police authorities will confirm it. If the secrets of these places as regards their visitors could be made public there would be a terrible rupture in many happy families throughout the land, as well as in the metropolis. Men who at home are models of propriety, seem to lose all sense of restraint when they come to Chicago. These same gentlemen would be merciless towards

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any female member of their families who should display a similar laxity.

To return to the women: the inmates of the first-class houses rarely remain in them for more than two years. Their shameful and dissipated lives render them by this time unfit for companionship with their aristocratic associates. The proprietress quickly detects this and remorselessly orders them from her house. She knows the fate that awaits them; but her only care is to keep her house full of fresh and attractive women.

The Next Step.

Having quitted the fashionable house, the wretched woman has no recourse but to enter a second-class house, and then go down one grade lower in vice. The proprietress is cruel and exacting, and boldly robs her boarders whenever occasion offers. The visitors are more numerous, but are a rougher and coarser set than those who patronized her in the first stages of her career. Money is less plentiful, her life is harder in every way, and she seeks relief from the reflections that will crowd upon her in drink, and perhaps to

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drunkenness adds the vice of opium. Her health breaks fast, what was left of her beauty when she entered the house soon fades, and in two or three years she becomes unfit to even remain in a second-class house. She is turned into the street by the proprietress, who generally robs her of her money and jewelry, and sometimes even of her clothing, save what she has on at the time. The wretches who keep these houses do not hesitate to detain a woman's trunk, or other effects, upon some trumped-up charge of arrears or debt, when they have no longer any use for her. The poor creature has no redress, and is obliged to submit in silence to any wrong practiced upon her.

The woman whose career opened so brilliantly is now a confirmed prostitute and drunkard, bloated, sickly and perhaps diseased; she is without hope, and there is nothing left. It is only four or five years, perhaps less, since she entered the fashionable boulevard mansion, beautiful and attractive in all the freshness of her charms, and little dreaming of the fate in store for her. She is not an exception to the rule, however. She has but followed the usual road, and met the inevitable doom of her class.

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Going Down Into the Depths.

From the second-class house the lost woman passes into one of the bagnios of the "red-light district" or some similar place. Here her lot is infinitely more wretched. Her companions are the vilest of her class, and the visitors are among the lowest order of men who cannot gain admittance into places such as she has left. She finds herself a slave to the keeper of the house, who is often a burly ruffian, and even more brutal than a woman would be in the same position. She is robbed of her earnings, is beaten, and often falls into the hands of the police. She becomes familiar with the courts, the bridewell, and whatever of womanly feeling remained to her is crushed out of her. She is a brute simply. She remains in Green, Peoria or some other like street for a year or two—human nature cannot bear up longer under such a life—and is then unfit to remain even there. Would you seek her after this you will find her in the terrible dens and living hells—even in places of infamy and degradation that a former Mayor was compelled to stamp out, so utterly repugnant was it to even the lowest instincts of man. To the

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burning disgrace of Chicago, some of these pestiferous vice-breeding places are allowed to exist by the "stink-pots" who govern the city. These poor, vile, repulsive women, slowly dying from their bodily ailments, and the effects of drink and drugs, have reached the bottom of the ladder, and can go no lower. She knows it, and in a sort of dumbly, desperate way, is glad it is so. Life is such a daily torture to her, that death only offers her any relief. She is really a living corpse. The end soon comes. Some die from the effects of their terrible lives, and oh! such fearful deaths; and others are killed or fatally injured in drunken brawls which so often occur in this locality; and others still seek an end of their miserable existence in the dark waters of Lake Michigan.

I draw no exaggerated picture of the gradual but inevitable descent of a fallen woman in Chicago. Every detail is true to life. Seven years is the average life of an abandoned woman in the great city. She may begin her career with all the eclat possible, she may queen it by nature of her beauty and charms in some fashionable house, at the beginning, and may even outlast the average term at such places; it matters not; her doom is

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certain. The time will come when she must leave the aristocracy of shame, must take the second step in her terrible career. Seven years for the majority of these women, then death in its most horrible form. Some may, and do, anticipate the end of it by suicide; few ever escape from it.

“The wages of sin is death.” Some cherish the hope that after a few years of pleasure, they will reform; but alas, they find it impossible to do so. A few, a very few, do escape, through the aid extended to them by the “missions,” but they are so few that they but help to emphasize the hopelessness of the effort. The doom of the fallen woman is swift and sure! “The wages of sin is death.” Once entered upon a career of shame, the whole world sets its face against her. Even the men who associated with her in her palmy days would turn a deaf ear to her appeals for aid after she has gone down into the depths. I would to God that the women who are about to enter upon this terrible life could walk through the purlieu of the “red-light” district and witness the sights that I have seen there. I would they could see the awful, despairing faces that look out from the

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bagnios of that terrible neighborhood, and realize that, however brilliant the opening of their career may be, this must be the end of it. It is idle for them to hope to escape the doom of the fallen woman. "The wages of sin is death." Would anyone know what sort of death? Let her come to Chicago and see.

Many of the women of the town never pass through the various gradations of vice that I have described.

Many never see the inside of a fashionable house of ill-fame, but begin lower down the scale, as inmates of second-class houses, as waiter girls in concert saloons, as inmates of dance houses—which were so prevalent in Chicago years ago—or as street walkers. These meet their inevitable doom all the more quickly, but not less surely.

The city is full of people, men and women, whose object is to lead young girls into lives of shame. They watch the hotels, depots and large stores and lure respectable girls away on various pretexts. Every inducement is held out to working girls and women to adopt the vile trade, and many fall willing victims. Hundreds of these women are from rural districts of adjoining states.

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They come to the city seeking work and are sometimes successful. Often, however, they can find nothing to do, and when poverty and want stare them in the face, they listen to the voice of the tempter, become street walkers or inmates of houses of ill-fame. Sometimes, while they are in the first days of their success, they will write home that they are pursuing honest callings in the city and earning respectable livings, and will even send money home to their deluded parents. After a while the letters cease—the writer has gone into the depths; they are lost!

It is, indeed, strange to see how these women will cherish the memory of their homes even in the midst of their shame. They will speak at the pleasant home, or their aged father and mother, in accents full of despair. Often these memories will cause them to burst into uncontrollable weeping. If one should try to take advantage of this moment of tenderness, and urge them to make an effort to reform, they are met with but one answer: "It is too late."

The keepers of the bagnios of the city use every means to lure young women into their power. Some years since, a girl who had managed to

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escape from a notorious brothel, told the following story :

“I watched the advertisements in the papers to see something that would suit me. I learned that a Mrs. G——of —— street wanted two girls to do light chamber work, and I hastened there, with a friend, in quest of the position. We were received by Mrs. G——, who began to explain to us the nature of the duties we were expected to perform. It was an awful proposition. She kept a house of ill-fame. We fled. I was much discouraged. Not so my friend, who told me there was another lady down the street, who was really in want of a girl to help her. We went to her house. It was another of the same sort ; but after I got in there my clothes were taken from me, and the woman furnished me with some sort of silk, trimmed with fur, and tried to make me act like the other girls in her establishment. I remained there from Saturday to Wednesday night, because I could not get away. I had no clothes to wear in the streets, even if I should succeed in reaching them, which was impossible, and the woman who kept the house was angry with me, brutally so, because I would not comply with her wishes. I and another

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young girl tried to escape by the back yard. The other girl got away, but I was discovered by the keeper, who drove me back into the house with curses. On Wednesday evening I was made to sit at a window and call a man, who was passing, into the house. He turned out to be a detective, and arrested me, and was the means of my freedom!"

The police are often called upon by relatives of abandoned women to assist them in finding them and rescuing them from their lives of shame. Sometimes, in the cases of very young girls, these efforts are successful, and the poor creature gladly goes with friends. Others again refuse to leave their wretched haunts; they prefer to lead their lives of infamy.

One night a young man called at the "Apollo," a theatre and dance house on Third Avenue—now Plymouth Place—and inquired for his sister Dora, who, he had learned, was in that place. The young lady came out, while he was speaking, in company with a well-dressed man. Instead of complying with her brother's entreaties, she entered a carriage, with her escort, and drove to a nearby police station to seek relief from her brother's importunities. The brother followed,

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told the sergeant the story of his sister's shame, and asked him to keep her there until he could summon the father. The sergeant complied with the request and the father soon appeared. He was a respectable oil manufacturer and had lavished wealth and fine dress upon the wayward child. He confirmed his son's statements, and appealed to his daughter to go home with him. She answered him flippantly, and the indignant father cursed her for her sin, and would have attacked the man with her had not officers prevented him. The woman was locked up for the night in the station house, and brought before court the next morning. The father urged that she should be sent to some reformatory establishment, but the woman met him with the statement that she was twenty-three years old, beyond legal control, and therefore entitled to choose her own mode of life. Her plea was valid, and the magistrate was unwillingly compelled to discharge her from custody, though he endeavored to persuade her to return to her family. She then left the court room, was joined by several flashily-dressed women, and departed in high spirits, completely ignoring her relatives.

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One of the worst classes of abandoned women consists of street walkers. On any of the business streets and even in outlying districts these women are very numerous. They are generally well dressed, and, as a rule, are young. They pursue certain regular routes, rarely pausing, unless they "pick-up" a companion, when they dart off with him to some side street. On the brilliantly lighted thoroughfares the police do not allow them to stop and accost men, but they manage to do so. The neighborhoods of the "hotels" and the places of "amusement" are their principal cruising grounds, and their victims are mainly strangers to the city. Many of them have regular employment during the day, and ply their wretched trade at night to increase their gains. They accompany their victims to the "bed-houses" which are conveniently at hand, and if an opportunity occurs will rob him. They frequent the dance halls and concert saloons; in fact, every place to which they can obtain admission, and lure men into their company. As a rule they are vicious in the extreme, drink heavily, and in some cases are fearfully diseased.

In former years many of the street walkers

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were in the regular employ of the "panel-houses," which were numerous at that time. These houses were kept by men, who were among the most desperate roughs in Chicago. The woman is either mistress of one of these men, or in his pay. The method pursued was as follows: The street walker secures her victim on the street, or at some concert hall, or dance-house. He is generally a stranger, and ignorant of the localities of the city. She takes him to her room, which is an apartment provided with a partition in which there is a sliding door or panel. The confederate of the woman is concealed behind the partition, and at a favorable moment slides back the panel, enters the room and strips the clothing of the victim of the money and valuables contained in it. If discovered, the panel thief endeavors to disable the victim. The latter is no match for his assailant, and is from the first at a disadvantage. The thief is desperate, and is generally armed. He does not hesitate at anything, and, if necessary, will murder the victim, the woman assisting him in the fearful work. Then the body is left until near morning, when it is placed in a wagon engaged by the thief, carried to the river or lake.

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and then thrown into the water. Generally the robbery is accomplished without the necessity of resorting to violence. The victim either puts up with his loss in silence, or reports it to the police. The records at headquarters contain reports of numerous robberies of this kind. So the evil went on. Strangers in this city incur terrible risk in accompanying street walkers, and women whom they meet on the street, at concert and dance halls to their homes. In nine cases out of ten, robbery is certain. Murder is too often the result of such adventure. Truly, Solomon was wise indeed when he wrote: "He hath taken a bag of money with him—with her much fair speech she caused him to yield, with flattering of her lips she forced him—he goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks; till a dart strike through his liver; as a bird hastened to the snare, and knoweth not it is for his life—her house is the way to hell going down to the chambers of death."

Chicago's Crowning Curse

The curse of Chicago is the vile, repugnant saloon. No one can realize the picture of its rottenness all at once; everything is deceptive about it, and it takes time to grasp the magnitude of this hydra-headed monster. But by degrees the immensity and appalling environments assert themselves, and the beholder, while visiting these pest holes, feels and knows that he is in close proximity to the devil. The very atmosphere seems laden with his satanic majesty's presence, which permeates every nook and corner of the iniquitous place. Here, above all other places, the devil's work is supreme. Awful, indeed, is the anguish of the mother as she looks upon the face of her ruined son or daughter.

Oh! Chicago! big, bustling Chicago! Storms and tempests may rage around, and the sun's fierce rays descend upon your brow; you may be victorious in commercial conflict, but sink into in-

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significance when facing the greatest of social evils.

There are, however, no rivals among these dangerous dives, which stand out like projecting rocks as pitfalls for the weak.

There are about 7,000 saloons in Chicago. At each of these places liquors are sold by the single glass or drink. They represent every grade of drinking establishments, from the magnificent Buffet to the "Barrel-houses." All these places enjoy a greater or less degree of prosperity, and the proprietors grow rich, unless they cut short their lives by becoming their own best customers. For alcoholic and malt liquors served over the bar hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent daily. It is estimated that in the vicinity of the board of trade 7,500 drinks are disposed of every day. The "bulls and bears" require heavy stimulants to keep them up to their exciting work, and their daily expenditure for such purposes is about \$2,500. Probably this may account for some of the queer scenes to be witnessed in the pit.

The quantity of beer consumed in the city is about twelve times that of whisky, and is the most common of the alcoholic drinks. The true-

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blooded German beer drinker will consume from one to two dozen glasses of his favorite beverage in twenty-four hours and his American and other imitators follow closely in his footsteps.

A popular bar will take in \$200 to \$400 a day, but the majority of the liquor dealers are content with from \$30 to \$50 a day. Some of these places remain open all night, and are filled with dram drinkers at all hours. At the first-class establishments the liquors sold are of good quality, but as the scale is descended the quality of the drinks fall off, until the low-class bar-rooms are reached in which the most poisonous compounds are sold, under the name of whisky, brandy, gin and rum.

The American saloon is the curse of the nation. Hundreds of thousands of men and women are being ruined annually, and our government, it seems, is powerless to curb the destroying monster.

There are over 1400 girls in the training school for girls, and with few exceptions they have been children of an alcoholic inheritance. Are they to be blamed for the circumstances surrounding their young lives? Not at all. The whole blame lies at the door of those who have voted to license the saloon which has made it possible for the parents

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to so poison their physical being that it is not possible for them to bring into the world normal children with the powers that would enable them to cope with the world.

The number of moral imbeciles that are in the state institutions is simply appalling, and there are object lessons enough in Chicago to cause any one who will give the subject but a moment of good, unselfish thought, to go to the polls and declare that no longer shall be fostered in our midst that which in the course of time will make us no better than a nation of lepers. Some day parents will recognize the responsibility of bringing children into the world.

The American woman of the fashionable set lives in a whirl of unhealthful stress and excitement. She sleeps too little and keeps her nerves constantly on the Qui Vive. She tipples and drugs, she is often a degenerate and a mother of degenerates—if, indeed, she be a mother at all. This drinking among women is more prevalent than we are willing to believe, and it is one of the greatest dangers with which we are confronted today. The hurry and fret of Chicago life is

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turning out degenerates at a rate that will one day stagger the world.

Ignorance and bad parentage are doing the work in many instances, and girls comparatively good are led off by bad men and worse women. Children who have been well born and should have been well reared, find their way into the schools of delinquents, the jails, penitentiaries, and insane hospitals. The heredity of many of these children is appalling and the environments does the rest.

The "barrel-houses" are located in the poorer sections of the city where the liquors of the vilest kind are sold. Their customers are the poor and wretched. Only the cheapest and poisonous liquors are sold here as a rule.

It is impossible to estimate the amount of drunkenness in Chicago. The arrests represent but a small part of it, as thousands upon thousands of habitual drunkards manage to keep out of the hands of the police. Respectable men patronize the bar-rooms regularly, and are constantly seen reeling along the streets. So long as they are not helpless, or guilty of disorderly con-

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duct, the police do not molest them. Systematic drinking, which does not amount to actual intoxication, but kills by slow degrees, is very common. Among the most liberal patrons of the bar-rooms are young men and even boys, who thoughtlessly begin their careers that will one day end in sorrow.

Drunkenness is by no means confined to men. Women are largely addicted to it. Out of some twelve arrests for this cause three are women. In the more wretched quarters of the city, women drink heavily and are among the most constant customers of the cheap grogeries which thrive among the poor. Even women of respectability and good social positions are guilty of the vice of intemperance. They all do not frequent bar-rooms, however, but obtain liquor at the restaurants patronized by them, and it is a common sight to see well-dressed women, married and single, rise from a restaurant table under the influence of intoxicating drink.

The poem of Francis E. Bolton, tells the story of the rum demon.

Within a home of woe and shame,

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A drunken father nightly came,
And called the only child he had,
To come and kiss her poor old dad.
A darling little girl was she,
Who climbed upon that father's knee,
And kissed him with a look half sad,
Although she loved her poor old dad.
Drunken and dirty, weary and sad,
She always kissed her poor old dad.
But lower, lower sank his soul,
Infatuated with the bowl,
One comfort only then he had,
The kiss that always welcomed dad.
One night a Christian brother came,
And won him from his woe and shame,
He found the Lord, who made him glad,
That night she kissed a sober dad.
Days came and went, his eyes grew bright,
His clothes were neat, his heart was light,
His home was heaven, his child was glad,
Some marvelous change had come to dad.
One night he called her as of yore,
As she stood white-robed upon the floor,
His tone a deeper loving had,
"Come, pet, and kiss your poor old dad."

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Loyal and loving, manly and glad,
She knew some change had come to dad.
Her eyes lit with a radiant smile,
She paused in thought a little while,
She said as slow as she looked him o'er,
"You're not my old dad any more."
"What then, my pet?" he asked with awe,
"Why, now you are my new papa."

He caught her to his breast with praise,
"So may I be through endless days."
Loyal and loving, noble and true,
Praise to the Lord, old dad is new,
O, glorious grace of God! 'tis here,
For those who sigh in sin and fear.
Come unto Christ who can restore,
Nor be the old man any more.

In Jesus Christ the world is true,
You are a creature wholly new.
The blessed spirit now implore,
Nor be the old man any more.
Loyal and loving, noble and true,
The soul that lives in Christ is new.

A Farewell to Innocence

The first cause of parental solicitude, I think, arises from the imperfection of parents on their own part. We all somehow want our children to avoid our faults. We hope if we have any excellencies they will copy them; but the probability is they will copy our faults, and omit our excellencies. Children are very apt to be echoes of the parental life. Someone meets a lad in the back street, finds him smoking, and says: "Why, I am astonished at you; what would your father say if he knew this? Where did you get that cigar?" "Oh, I picked it up on the street." "What would your father say, and your mother say, if they knew this?" "Oh, he replies, "that's nothing, my father smokes!" There is not one of us to-day who would like to have our children copy all our example. And this is the cause of solicitude on the part of all of us.

A FAREWELL TO INNOCENCE

Then solicitude arises from our conscious insufficiency and unwisdom of discipline. Out of twenty parents there may be one parent who understands how thoroughly and skillfully to discipline; perhaps not more than one out of twenty. We, nearly all of us, are on one side or are on the other.

Here is a father who says: "I am going to bring up my children right; my sons shall know nothing but religion, and hear nothing but religion." They are routed at 6 o'clock in the morning to recite the Ten Commandments. They are awakened up from the sofa on Sunday night to recite the Westminster catechism. Their bedroom walls are covered with religious pictures and quotations of Scripture, and when the boy looks for the day of the month he looks for it in a religious almanac. If a minister comes to the house he is requested to take the boy aside, and tell him what a great sinner he is. It is religion morning, noon and night.

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Time passes on, and the parents are awaiting for the return of the son at night. It is 9 o'clock, it is 10 o'clock, it is 11 o'clock, it is 12 o'clock, it is half past 12 o'clock. Then they hear the rattling of the night key, and George comes in and hastens upstairs lest he be accosted. His father says: "George, where have you been?" He says: "I have been out." Yes, he has been out, and he has been down, and he has started on the broad road to ruin for this life and ruin for the life to come, and the father says to his wife: "Mother, the Ten Commandments are a failure; no use of Westminster Catechism; I have done my very best for that boy; just see how he has turned out." Ah! my friend, you stuffed that boy with religion, you had no sympathy with innocent hilarities, you had no common sense.

A man of mid-life said to me: "I haven't much desire for religion; my father was as good a man as ever lived, but he jammed religion down my throat

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when I was a boy until I got disgusted with it, and I haven't wanted any of it since." That father erred on one side.

Then the discipline is an entire failure in many households because the father pulls one way and the mother pulls the other way. The father says: "My son, I told you if I ever found you guilty of falsehood again I would chastise you, and I am going to keep my promise." The mother says: "Don't; let him off this time."

A father says: "I have seen so many that make mistakes by too great severity in the rearing of their children; now, I will let my boy do as he pleases; he shall have full swing; here, my son, are tickets to the theatre and opera; if you want to play cards, do so; if you do not want to play cards you need not play them; go when you want to, and come when you want to; have a good time; go it!" Plenty of money for the most part, and give a boy plenty of money, and ask him not what he does with it, and you

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pay his way straight to perdition. But after a while the lad thinks he ought to have a larger supply. He has been treated, and he must treat. He must have wine suppers. There are larger and larger expenses.

After a while, one day a messenger from the bank over the way calls in and says to the father of the household, "The officers of the bank would like to have you step over a minute." The father steps over and the bank officer says: "Is that your check?" "No," he says, "that is not my check; I never make an 'H' in that way; that is not my writing; that is not my signature; that is a counterfeit; send for the police." "Stop," says the bank officer, "your son wrote that."

Now the father and mother are waiting for the son to come home at night. It is 12 o'clock, it is half-past 12 o'clock, it is 1 o'clock. The son comes through the hallway. The father says; "My son, what does all this mean? I gave you every opportunity, I gave you all the

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money you wanted, and here in my old days I find that you have become a spendthrift, a libertine, and a sot." The son says: "Now, father, what is the use of your talking that way? You told me to go it, and I just took your suggestion." And so to strike the medium between severity and too great leniency, to strike the happy medium between the two and to train for God and for heaven, is the anxiety of every intelligent parent.

Another great anxiety, great solicitude, is in the fact that so early is developed childish sinfulness. Morning glories put out their bloom in the early part of the day, but as the hot sun comes on they close up. While there are other flowers that blaze their beauty along the Amazon for a week at a time without closing, yet the morning glory does its work as certainly as the sun shines; so there are some children that just put forth their bloom, and they close, and they are gone. There is something supernatural about them while they tarry,

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and there is an ethereal appearance about them. There is a wonderful depth to their eye, and they are gone. They are too delicate a plant for this world. The Heavenly Gardener sees them and He takes them in.

But for the most part, the children that live sometimes get cross, and pick up bad words in the street, or are disposed to quarrel with brother or sister, and show that they are wicked. You see them in the Sabbath-school class. They are so sunshiny and bright you would think they were always so; but the mother, looking over at them, remembers what an awful time she had in getting them ready. Time passes on. They get considerably older, and the son comes in from the street, from a pugilistic encounter, bearing on his countenance marks of defeat, or the daughter practices some little deception in the household. The mother says: "I can't always be scolding, and fretting, and finding fault, but this must be stop-

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ped." So in many a household there is the sign of sin, the sign of the heart's being wrong, the sign of truthfulness of what the Bible says when it declares, "They go astray as soon as they are born, speaking lies."

Some go to work, and try to correct all this, and the boy is picked at, and picked at, and picked at. That always is ruinous. There is more good help in one good thunderstorm, than in five days of cold drizzle. Better the old-fashioned kind of chastisement, if that be necessary, than the fretting, and the scolding, which have destroyed so many.

There is also the cause of great solicitude sometimes because our young people are surrounded by so many temptations. A castle may not be taken by a straightforward siege, but suppose there be inside the castle an enemy, and in the night he shoves back the bolt, and swings open the door? Our young folk have foes without, and they have foes within. Who does not understand it?

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Who is the man who is not aware of the fact that the young people of this day have tremendous temptations?

Some man will come to the young people, and try and persuade them that purity, and honesty, and uprightness are a sign of weakness. Some man will take a dramatic attitude, and he will talk to the young man, and he will say: "You must break away from your mother's apronstring; you must get out of the Puritanical straight-jacket; it is time you were your own master; you are verdant; you are green; you are unsophisticated; come with me, I'll show you the world; it won't hurt you." After a while the young man says, "Well, I can't afford to be odd, I can't afford to be peculiar, I can't afford to sacrifice all my friends; I'll just go see for myself." Farewell to innocence, which once gone, never fully comes back. Do not be under the delusion that because you repent of your sin you get rid forever of its consequences. I say farewell to in-

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nocence, which once gone never fully comes back.

Oh, how many traps set for the young! Styles of temptation just suited to them. Do you suppose that a man who went clear to the depths of dissipation, went down in one great plunge? Oh, no! At first it was a fashionable hotel. Marble floor. No unclean pictures behind the counter. No drunken hiccough while they drink, but the click of cut glass to the elegant sentiment. You ask that young man now to go into some low restaurant, and get a drink, and he would say, "Do you mean to insult me?" But the fashionable and elegant hotel is not always close by, and now the young man is on the down grade. Further and further down until he has about struck the bottom of the depths of ruin. Now, he is in the low restaurant. The cards so greasy you can hardly tell who has the best hand. Gambling for drinks. Shuffle away, shuffle away. The devil's agent stands in his shirt-sleeves, with his

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hands on his hips, waiting for an order to fill up the glasses.

The clock strikes twelve—the tolling of the funeral bell of a lost soul. The breath of eternal woe flushes in that young man's cheek. In the jets of the gaslight the fiery tongue of the worm that never dies. Two o'clock in the morning, and now they are fast asleep in their chairs. Landlord comes around and says, "Wake up, wake up! time to shut up!" "What!" says the young man. "Time to shut up." Push them all out into the night air. Now they are going home. Going home! Let the wife crouch in the corner and the children hide under the bed. What was the history of that young man? He began his dissipation in the barroom of a gilded hotel, and completed his damnation in the lowest grog-shop.

Sometimes sin does not halt in that way. Sometimes sin even comes to the drawing-room. There are leprous hearts sometimes admitted to the high-

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est circles of society. He is so elegant, he is so bewitching in his manner, he is so refined, he is so educated, no one suspects the sinful design, but after a while the sinful talons of death come forth. What is the matter with the house? The front windows have not been opened for six months or a year. A shadow has come down on the domestic hearth, a shadow thicker than one woven of midnight and hurricane. The agony of that parent makes him say: "Oh, I wish I had buried my children when they were small!" Loss of property? No. Death in the family? No. Madness? No. Some villain, kid-gloved and diamonded, lifted that cup of domestic bliss until the sunlight struck it, and all the rainbows played around the rim, and then dashed it to desolation and woe, until the harpies of darkness clapped their hands and all the voices of the pit uttered a loud "Ha! ha!"

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The statistic has never been made up in these great cities of how many have been destroyed, and how many beautiful homes have been overthrown. If the statistic could be presented, it would freeze your blood in a solid cake at your heart. Our great cities are full of temptations, and to vast multitudes of parents these temptations become a matter of great solicitude.

But now for the alleviations. First of all, you save yourself a great deal of trouble, parent, if you can early watch the children and educate them for a nobler and purer life.

A vessel puts out to sea, and after it has been five days out there comes a cyclone. The vessel springs a leak. The helm will not work. What is the matter? It is not seaworthy. It never was seaworthy. Can you mend it now? It is too late. Down she goes with all on board into a watery grave. What was the time to fix that vessel? What was the time to prepare it for the storm? In

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the dry dock. Ah, dear parent, do not wait until your children get out into the world, beyond the narrows and out on the voyage of life! It is too late then to mend their morals and their manners. The dry dock of the Christian home is the place. Correct the evil now.

Just look at the character of your children now and get an intimation of what they are going to be. You can tell by the way that boy divides the apple what his proclivity is and what his sin will be, and what style of discipline you ought to bring upon him. You let that disposition go. You see how he divides the apple? He takes nine-tenths of it for himself, and he gives one-tenth to his sister. Well, let that go, and all his life he will want the best part of everything, and he will be grinding and grasping to the day of his death. Begin early with your children. You stand on the banks of a river and you try to change its course. It has been rolling

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now for a hundred miles. You cannot change it. But just go to the source of that river, go to where the water just drips down upon the rock. Then with your knife make a channel this way and a channel that way, and it will take it. Come out and stand on the banks of your child's life when it is thirty or forty years of age, or even twenty, and try to change the course of that life. It is too late! It is too late! Go further up at the source of life and nearest to the mother's heart where the character starts, and try to take in the right direction.

But oh, dear friend, be careful to make a line, a distinct line, between innocent hilarity on the one hand and vicious proclivity on the other. Do not think your children are going to ruin because they make a racket. All healthy children make a racket. But do not laugh at your child's sin because it is smart. If you do, you will cry after a while because it is vicious. Rebuke the first ap-

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pearance of sin. Now is your time. Do not begin too late.

Remember it is what you do more than what you say that is going to affect your children. Do you suppose Noah's family would have gone into the ark if he had staid out? No. His sons would have said: "I am not going into the boat; there's something wrong; father won't go in; if father stays out, I'll stay out." An officer may stand in a castle and look off upon an army fighting; but he cannot be much of an officer, he cannot excite much enthusiasm on the part of his troops, standing in a castle or on a hill-top looking off upon the fight. It is he who leaps into the stirrups and dashes ahead that wins the battle. And you stand outside the Christian life and tell your children to go in. They will not go. But you dash on ahead, and they themselves will become good soldiers. Lead on, if you would have them follow.

The Gates of Hell

You know all about the gates of heaven. You have often heard them preached about. There are three to each point of the compass. On the north, three gates; on the south, three gates; on the east, three gates; on the west, three gates; and each gate is a solid pearl. Oh, gate of heaven, may we all get into it. But who shall describe the gates of hell? These gates are burnished until they sparkle and glisten in the gaslight. They are mighty, and set in sockets of deep and dreadful masonry. They are high, so that those who are in may not clamber over and get out. They are heavy, but they swing easily in to let those go in who are to be destroyed.

If you will stand with me for a few moments on any prominent thoroughfare in any city of the world, you will witness scenes that the painter cannot

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paint, that the artist cannot draw, that writers cannot describe. But we shall not stand looking at the outside of the gates of hell. I intend to tell you of both sides, and I shall tell you what those gates are made of. With the hammer of God's truth I shall pound on the brazen panels, and with the lantern of God's truth I shall flash a light upon the shining hinges.

Gate the first: The influence of Clubs.—Cattle in herds. Birds in flocks. Fish in schools. The human race in social circles. You may discharge a gun and scatter the flock of quails, and you may by plunge of the anchor send apart the denizens of the deep; but they will reassemble. And if by some power you could scatter all the present associations of men, they would again reassemble.

Herbs and flowers prefer to stand in associations. You plant a forget-me-not or a heart's-ease away up alone on the hillside, and it will soon hunt up some

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other heart's-ease or for-get-me-not. You find the herbs talking to each other in the morning dew. Once in a while you find a man unsympathetic and alone, and like a ship's mast, ice-glazed, which the most agile sailor could not climb; but the most of men have in their nature a thousand roots and a thousand branches, and they blossom all the way to the top, and the fowls of heaven sing amid the branches. Because of this we have communities and societies—some for the kindling of mirth, some for the raising of sociality, some for the advance of craft, some to plan for the welfare of State—associations of artists, of merchants, of shipwrights, of carpenters, of masons, of plumbers, of plasterers, of lawyers, of doctors, of clergymen. Do you cry out against this? Then you cry out against a divine arrangement.

You might as well preach a sermon to a busy ant-hill or bee-hive as against secret societies. In many of the ages

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people have gathered together in associations, characterized by the blunt old Saxon designation of Club. Some to advance art, some to vindicate justice, some to promote good literature, some to destroy the body and blast the soul. In our own time we have many clubs. They are as different from each other as the day from the night. I might show you two specimens.

Here is the imperial hallway. On this side is the parlor, with the upholstery of a Kremlin or a Tuilleries. Here is a dining-room which challenges you to mention any luxury it cannot afford. Here is an art gallery with pictures and statues and drawings from the best of artists—pictures for all moods, impassioned or placid—Sheridan's Ride and Farmers at their Nooning. Shipwreck and Sunlight over the Seas. Foaming deer with hounds after it in the Adirondacks. Sheep on the Hillside. And here are reading rooms with the finest of mag-

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azines, and libraries with all styles of books. Men go there for ten minutes or for many hours. Some come from beautiful and happy home circles for a little while that they may enter into these club house societies. Others come from dismembered households, and while they have humble lodgings elsewhere, find their chief joy here. One blackball amid ten votes will defeat a man's membership. For rowdyism and gambling and drunkenness and every style of misdemeanor a man is immediately dropped. Brilliant club house from top to bottom—the chandeliers, the plate, the literature the social prestige a complete enchantment.

Here is another club-house. You open the door and the fumes of strong drink and tobacco are something almost intolerable. You do not have to ask what those young men are doing, for you can see by the flushed cheek and intent look and almost angry way of tossing the dice

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and dropping the chips, they are gambling.

That is an only son seated there at another table. He had had all art, all culture, all refinement, showered upon him by his parents. That is the way he is paying them for their kindness. That is a young married man. A few months ago he made promises of fidelity and kindness, every one of which he has broken. Around a table in the club-house there is a group telling vile stories. It is getting late now, and three-fourths of the members of the club are intoxicated. The conversation has got to be groveling, base, filthy, outrageous. Time to shut up. The young men saunter forth, those who can walk, and balance themselves against the lamp-post or the fence. A young man not able to get out has a couch extemporized for him in the club-house or by two comrades not quite so overcome with strong drink, he is led to his father's house, and the door-bell

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rung, and the door opens, and these two imbecile escorts usher into the front hall—a drunken son. There are dissipating club-houses which would do well if they could make a contract with Inferno to furnish ten thousand men a year, and do that for twenty years, on the condition that no more would be asked of them. They would save—the dissipating club-houses of this country would save—hundreds of homesteads, and bodies, minds, and souls innumerable. But there is a vast difference between club-houses.

Now, what is the principle by which we are to judge in regard to the profitable or baleful influence of a club-house? That is the practical and the eternal question which hundreds of men to-day are settling. First, I would have you test your club-house by the influence it has upon home, if you have a home. I have been told by prominent men that three-fourths of the members are married men. That wife has lost her influ-

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ence over her husband who takes every evening's absence as an assault upon domesticity. How are the great enterprises of art, and literature, and education, and the public weal to go on if every man has his world bounded by his doorstep on one side, and his back window on the other, his thoughts rising no higher than his own attic, going down no deeper than his own cellar? When a wife objects to a husband's absence for some elevating purpose, she breaks her scepter of conjugal power.

There should be no protest on the part of the wife if the husband goes forth to some practical, useful, honorable mission. But, alas! for the fact that so many men sacrifice all home-life for the club-house. Genial as angels at the club-house, ugly as sin at home. Generous to a fault for all wine suppers, but stingy about the wife's dress or the children's shoes. That which might have been healthy recreation has become a usurpa-

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tion of his affections, and he has married it, and he is guilty of moral bigamy.

Membership in some of the clubs always means domestic shipwreck. In ten years he is a wine-guzzler, and his wife is broken-hearted or prematurely old, and his property is lost or reduced, and his home is a mere name in a directory.

Now, here are two highways into the great future, the Christian highway and the unchristian; the one safe, the other dangerous. Anything that makes me forget that, is a bad institution. Would you, in the closing moments of your life, rather have the cup of Belshazzarean wassail put to your lip, or the cup of holy communion? Would you rather have for eternal companions the swearing, carousing, vile, crew that surround the table in a dissipating club-house, or the little child, the bright girl that God took? You would not have been away so many nights if you had thought she was going so soon. Your wife has never bright-

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ened up since then. She has not got over it. She never will get over it. What a pity it is that you cannot spend more evenings at home consoling that great sorrow! You can't drown that grief in a wine cup! You cannot forget those little arms that were thrown around your neck while she said: "Papa, do stay home to-night, do stay home to-night!" You cannot wipe from your lips the dying kiss of that little child. And yet, there has been many a man so completely overborne by the fascinations of a dissipating club-house, that he went off the night the child was dying of scarlet fever. He came back about midnight, it was all over. The eyes were closed. The undertaker had done his work. The wife lay unconscious in the next room. He came up stairs, and he saw the empty cradle, and saw the window was up. He said "What is the matter?" In God's judgment day he will find out what was the matter.

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The lightning may flash this way and may flash that way, upon the mountains and the ravines, but take the lamp of God's eternal truth, and flash it upon all the club-houses so that no young man shall be deceived. By these tests try them. Leave the dissipating influences of the club-room, if the influences of your club-room are dissipating! Pure hearts and honest lives do not survive a dissipating club-house. Let not time chisel your epitaph: "Here lies the victim of a dissipating club-house." I want you to understand that the dissipating club-house is one of the broadest, highest, mightiest gates of hell.

Gate the second: The dissolute dance. —I will not divert to the general subject of dancing. Whatever you may think about the parlor dance, or the methodic motion of the body to sounds of music in the family or the social circle, I am not now discussing that question. I want you to recognize the fact

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that there is a dissolute dance. It is seen not only in the low haunts of death, but in elegant mansions. It is the first step to eternal ruin for a great multitude of both sexes.

You know, as well as I do, what postures and attitudes and figures are suggested of the devil. They who glide into the dissolute dance glide over an inclined plane, and the dance is swifter and swifter, wilder and wilder, until, with the speed of lightning, they whirl off the edges of a decent life into a fiery future. This gate of hell swings across the Axminster of many a fine parlor and across the dance-hall of many summer resorts. We have no right to take an attitude to the sound of music which would be unbecoming in the absence of music.

Gate the third: Indiscreet apparel.—The attire of woman for the last five years has been beautiful and graceful beyond anything I have ever known; but there are those that will always carry

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that which is right into the extraordinary and indiscreet. I charge Christian women neither by style of dress nor adjustment of apparel to become administrative of evil. Perhaps none else will dare to tell you, so I will tell you that there are multitudes of men who owe their eternal damnation to the boldness of womanly attire.

Show me the fashion-plates of any age between this and the time of Louis the Sixteenth, of France, and I will tell you the type of morals or immorals of that age or that year. No exception to it. Modest apparel always indicates a righteous people. Immodest apparel always indicates a contaminated and a depraved society. You wonder that the city of Tyre was destroyed with such a terrible destruction. Have you ever seen the fashion-plates of Tyre?

I will show it to you: "Moreover, the Lord saith, because the daughters of Zion are haughty and walk with

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stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet, in that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the rings and nose-jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantels, and the wimples, and the crisping-pins" (Isaiah 3:16-22). That is the fashion-plate of ancient Tyre. Do you wonder that God in His indignation blotted out the city?

Gate the fourth: Alcoholic beverage. —All the scenes of wickedness are under the enchantment of the wine-cup. That is what the waitresses carry on the platter. That is what glows on the table. That is what shines in illuminated gardens. That is what flushes the cheeks of the patrons who come in. That is what staggers the step of the patrons as they go out. The wine-cup is the pattern of impurity. The officers of the law

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tell us that nearly all men who go into the shambles of death go in intoxicated, the mental and spiritual abolished, that the brute may triumph.

Tell me a young man drinks, and I know the whole story. If he becomes a captive of the wine-cup, he will become a captive of all other vices, only give him time. No one ever knows drunkenness alone. That is a carrion-crow that goes in a flock, and when you see that beak ahead, you may know the other beaks are coming. In other words, the wine-cup unbalances and dethrones one's better judgment, and leaves one the prey of all evil appetites that may choose to alight upon his soul. There is not a place of any kind of sin in the United States to-day that does not find its chief abettor in the chalice of inebriety. There is either a drinking-bar before, or behind, or above, or underneath. The officers of the law have said to me: "These people escape legal penalty because they

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are all licensed to sell liquor." Then I have said to myself: "The courts that license strong drink, license gambling-houses, license libertinism, license disease, license death, license all sufferings, all crimes, all despoliations, all disasters, all murders, all woe. It is the courts and the legislatures that are swinging wide open this grinding, creaky, stupendous gate of hell."

But you say, "You have described these gates of hell, and shown us how they swing in to allow the entrance of the doomed. Will you not tell us how these gates may swing out to allow the escape of the penitent?" I reply, but very few escape.

Of the thousand that go in, nine hundred and ninety-nine perish. Suppose one of these wanderers should knock at your door, would you admit her? Suppose you knew where she came from, would you ask her to sit down at your dining-table? Would you ask her to be-

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come the governess of your children? Would you introduce her among your own acquaintances? Would you take the responsibility of pulling on the outside of the gate of hell while she pushed on the inside of that gate crying to get out? You would not—not one of a thousand of you that would dare to do it. You write beautiful poetry over her sorrows, and weep over her misfortunes, but give her practical help you never will. There is not one person out of a thousand that will—there is not one out of five thousand that has come so near the Master's heart as to dare to help one of these fallen souls.

But you ask: "Are there no ways of escape for the poor wanderers?" "Oh, yes; three or four. The one way is the sewing-girl's garret, dingy, cold, hunger-blasted." But you say, "Is there no other way for her to escape?" Oh, yes. Another way is the street that leads to the river, at midnight, the end of the

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city dock, the moon shining down on the water making it look so smooth she wonders if it is deep enough. It is. No watchman near enough to hear her plunge. No boatman near enough to pick her out before she sinks the third time. No other way? Yes. By the curve of the Limited Express, at the point where the engineer cannot see a hundred yards ahead to the form that lies across the track. He may whistle "down brakes," but not soon enough to disappoint the one who seeks her death.

But you say, "Isn't God good, and won't He forgive?" Yes; but man will not, woman will not, society will not. The Church of God says it will, but it will not. *Our work, then, is preventive rather than cure.*

Those gates of hell are to be prostrated just as certainly as God and the Bible are true, but it will not be done until Christian men and women, quitting their prudery and squeamishness in this

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matter, rally the whole Christian sentiment of the church and assail these great evils of society. The Bible utters its denunciation in this direction again and again, and yet the piety of the day is such a namby-pamby sort of thing that you cannot even quote Scripture without making somebody restless. As long as this holy imbecility reigns in the Church of God, sin will laugh you to scorn. I do not know but that before the Church wakes up matters will become worse and worse, and that there will have to be one lamb sacrificed from each of the most carefully guarded folds, and the wave of uncleanness dash to the spire of the village church and the top of the cathedral pillar.

Prophets and patriarchs, and apostles and evangelists, and Christ Himself have thundered against these sins as against no other, and yet there are those who think we ought to take, when we speak of these subjects, a tone apolo-

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getic. I put my foot on all the conventional rhetoric on this subject, and I tell you plainly that unless you give up that sin your doom is sealed, I rally you to a besiegement of the gates of hell. We want in this besieging host no soft sentimentalists, but men who are willing to give and take hard knocks. The gates of Ghaza were carried off; the gates of Thebes were battered down; the gates of Babylon were destroyed, and the gates of hell are going to be prostrated.

The Christianized printing press will be rolled up as the chief battering-ram. Then there will be a long list of aroused pulpits, which shall be assailing fortresses, and God's red-hot truth shall be the flying ammunition of the contest; and the sappers and the miners will lay the train under these foundations of sin and at just the right time God, who leads on the fray, will cry, "Down with the gates!" and the explosion beneath will

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be answered by all the trumpets of God on high, celebrating universal victory.

But there may be one wanderer that would like to have a kind word calling homeward. I have told you that society has no mercy. Did I hint, at an earlier point in this subject, God will have mercy upon any wanderer who would like to come back to the heart of infinite love?

A cold Christmas night in a farm house. Father comes in from the barn, knocks the snow from his shoes, and sits down by the fire. The mother sits at the stand knitting. She says to him, "Do you remember it is the anniversary to-night?" The father is angered. He never wants any allusion to the fact that one had gone away, and the mere suggestion that it was the anniversary of that sad event made him quite rough, although the tears ran down his cheeks. The old house dog, that had played with the wanderer when she was a child, comes up and puts his head on the old

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man's knee, but he roughly repulses the dog. He wants nothing to remind him of the anniversary day.

A cold winter night in a city church. It is Christmas night. They have been decorating the sanctuary. A lost wanderer of the street, with thin shawl about her, attracted by the warmth and light, comes in and sits near the door. The minister of religion is preaching of Him who was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities, and the poor soul by the door said: "Why that must mean me; mercy for the chief of sinners; bruised for our iniquities; wounded for our transgressions."

The music that night in the sanctuary brought back the old hymn which she used to sing when, with father and mother, she worshiped in the village church. The service over, the minister went down the isle. She said to him: "Were those words for me?" 'Wounded for our transgressions,' was that for

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me?" The minister understood her not. He knew not how to comfort a shipwrecked soul, and he passed on and he passed out. The poor wanderer followed into the street.

"What are you doing here, Meg?" said the police. "What are you doing here to-night?" "Oh," she replied, "I was in to warm myself"; and then the rattling cough came, and she held to the railing until the paroxysm was over. She passed on down the street, falling from exhaustion; recovering herself again, until after awhile she reached the outskirts of the city, and passed on into the country road. It seemed so familiar; she kept on the road, and she saw in the distance a light in the window. Ah! that light had been gleaming there every night since she went away. On that country road she passed until she came to the garden gate. She opened it and passed up the path where she played in childhood. She came to the

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steps and looked in at the fire on the hearth. Then she put her fingers to the latch. Oh, if that door had been locked she would have perished on the threshold, for she was near to death! But the door had not been locked since the time she went away. She pushed open the door. She went in and lay down on the hearth by the fire. The old house dog growled as he saw her enter, but there was something in the voice that he recognized, and he frisked about her until he almost pushed her down in his joy.

In the morning the mother came down, and she saw a bundle of rags on the hearth; but when the face was uplifted, she knew it, and it was no more old Meg of the street. Throwing her arms around the returned prodigal, she cried, "Oh, Maggie!" The child threw her arms around her mother's neck, and said, "Oh, mother!" and while they were embraced a rugged form towered above them. It was the father. The severity

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all gone out of his face, he stooped and took her up tenderly and carried her to mother's room, and laid her down on mother's bed, for she was dying. Then the lost one, looking up into her mother's face, said: "'Wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities!' Mother, do you think that means me?" "Oh, yes, my darling," said the mother. "If mother is so glad to get you back, don't you think God is glad to get you back?"

And there she lay dying, and all their dreams and all their prayers were filled with the words, "Wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities," until, just before the moment of her departure, her face lightened up, showing the pardon of God had dropped upon her soul. And there she slept away on the bosom of her pardoning Redeemer. So the Lord took back one whom the world rejected.

The Cauldron of Woe

Noah did the best and the worst thing for the world. He built an ark against the deluge of water, but introduced a deluge against which the human race has ever since been trying to build an ark—the deluge of drunkenness. In the opening chapters of the Bible we hear his staggering steps. Shem and Japhet tried to cover up the disgrace, but there he is, drunk on wine at a time in the history of the world when, to say the least, there was no lack of water.

Inebriation having entered the world, has not retreated. Ever since apples and grapes and wheat grew the world has been tempted to unhealthful stimulants. But the intoxicants of the olden time were an innocent beverage, a harmless orangeade, a quiet syrup, a peaceful soda water, as compared with the liquids of modern inebriation, into which a mad-

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ness, and a fury, and a gloom, and a fire, and a suicide, and a retribution have mixed and mingled. Fermentation was always known, but it was not until a thousand years after Christ that distillation was invented.

While we must confess that some of the ancient arts have been lost, the Christian era is superior to all others in the bad eminence of whisky and rum and gin. The modern drunk is a hundred-fold worse than the ancient drunk. Noah in his intoxication became imbecile, but the victims of modern alcoholism have to struggle with whole menageries of wild beasts and jungles of hissing serpents and perditions of blaspheming demons. An arch-fiend arrived in our world, and he built an invisible cauldron of temptation and woe. He built that cauldron strong and stout for all ages and all nations. First he squeezed into the cauldron the juices of the forbidden fruit of Paradise. Then he gathered from it a distillation

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from the harvest fields and the orchards of the hemispheres. Then he poured into the cauldron capsicum, and copperas, and logwood, and deadly nightshade, assault and battery, and vitriol, and opium, and rum and murder, and sulphuric acid, and theft, and potash, and cochineal, and red carrots, and poverty, and death, and hops. But it was a dry compound, and it must be moistened, and it must be liquified, and so the arch-fiend poured into the cauldron the tears of centuries of orphanage and widowhood, and he poured in the blood of twenty thousand assassinations. And then the arch-fiend took a shovel that he had brought up from the furnaces beneath and he put the shovel into this great cauldron and began to stir, and the cauldron began to heave, and rock, and boil, and sputter, and hiss, and smoke, and the nations gathered around it with cups and tankards and demijohns and kegs, and there was enough for all, and the arch-fiend cried: "Ah! champion

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fiend am I. Who has done more than I have for coffins and graveyards and prisons and insane asylums, and the populating of the lost world? And when this cauldron is emptied, I'll fill it again, and I'll stir it again, and it will smoke again, and that smoke will join another smoke—the smoke of torment that ascendeth forever and ever.

“I drove fifty ships on the rocks of Newfoundland and the Skerries and the Goodwins. I defeated the Northern army at Fredericksburg. I have ruined more Senators than will ever gather at the National Capitol. I have ruined more lords than will gather in the House of Peers. The cup out of which I ordinarily drink is a bleached human skull, and the upholstery of my palace is so rich a crimson because it is dyed in human blood, and the mosaic of my floors is made up of the bones of children dashed to death by drunken parents, and my favorite music—sweeter than The

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Deum or triumphal march—my favorite music—is the cry of daughters turned out at midnight on the street because father has come home from the carousal and the shrieking voices of the sinking steamer because the captain was not himself when he put the ship on the wrong course. Champion fiend am I! I have kindled more fires, I have wrung out more agonies, I have stretched out more midnight shadows, I have opened more Golgothas, I have rolled more 'juggernauts, I have damned more souls than any other emissary of diabolism. Champion fiend am I!"

Drunkenness is the greatest evil of this or any other nation, and it takes no logical process to prove that a drunken nation cannot long be a free nation. Talk about crooked whisky—by which men mean the whisky that does not pay the tax to government—I tell you all strong drink is crooked. Crooked otard, crooked wine, crooked cognac, crooked

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schnapps, crooked beer, crooked whiskey, because it makes a man's path crooked, and his life crooked, and his death crooked, and his eternity crooked.

If I could gather all the armies of the dead drunkards and have them come to resurrection, and then add to that host all the living drunkards, five and ten abreast, and then if I could have you mount a horse and ride along that line for review, you would ride that horse until he dropped from exhaustion, and you would mount another horse and ride until he fell from exhaustion, and you would take another and another, and you would ride along hour after hour, and day after day. Great hosts in regiments, in brigades. Great armies of them. And if you had voice enough stentorian to make them all hear, and you could give the command, "Forward, march!" their first tramp would make the earth tremble. I do not care which way you look at it, the evil is appalling.

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Then, too, thousands of people are born with a thirst for strong drink—a fact too often ignored. Along some ancestral lines there runs a river of temptation. There are children whose swaddling clothes are torn off the shroud of death. From the multitude of those who have the evil habit born with them, this army is being augmented. Many good men are being deceived by the devilish advertisements which many of our daily journals print. Bitters and beers for health. Bitters in the black bottle, beer in the brown bottle, and many men not knowing there is any thralldom of alcoholism coming from that source, are going down, and some day a man sits with the bottle of black bitters on his table, and the cork flies out, and after it flies a fiend, and clutches the man by the throat and says: “Aha! I have been after you for ten years. I have got you now. Down with you, down with you!” Bitters? Ah! yes.

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They make a man's family bitter, and his death bitter, and his hell bitter. Bitters: A vast army all the time increasing. And it is as thoroughly organized as any army, with commander-in-chief, staff-officers, infantry, cavalry, batteries, suttlerships, and flaming ensigns, and that every candidate for office in the United States will yet have to pronounce himself the friend or foe of the liquor traffic.

Is it a state evil or is it a national evil? Does it belong to the North, or does it belong to the South? Does it belong to the East, or does it belong to the West? Ah! there is not an American river in which its tears have not fallen, and into which its suicides have not plunged. What ruined that Southern plantation—every field a fortune? What threw that New England farm into decay and turned the roseate cheeks that bloomed at the foot of the Green Mountains into the pallor of despair? What

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has smitten every street of every village, town, and city of this continent with a moral pestilence? Strong drink.

To prove that it is a national evil, I call up three States in opposite directions—Maine, Iowa, and Georgia. Let them testify in regard to this. State of Maine says: "It is so great an evil up here that we have anathematized it as a State." State of Iowa says: "It is so great an evil out here we have prohibited it by constitutional amendment." The State of Georgia says: "It is so great an evil down here that we have made the sale of strong drink a criminality." So the word comes from all sources, and it is going to be a Waterloo, and I want you to be on the right side. Either drunkenness will be destroyed in this country, or the American Government will be destroyed. Drunkenness and free institutions are coming into a death grapple.

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Many millions are waiting to see if something cannot be done! Thousands of drunkards waiting who cannot go ten minutes in any direction without having temptation glaring before their eyes or appealing to their nostrils. They fight against it with enfeebled will and diseased appetite, conquering, then surrendering, conquering again, and then surrendering, and crying: "How long, O Lord, how long before the infamous solicitations shall be gone?"

And how many mothers there are waiting to see if this national curse cannot lift! Oh, is that the boy that had the honest breath who comes home with breath vitiated or disguised? What a change! How quickly those habits of early coming home have been changed for the rattling of the night-key in the door long after the last watchman has gone by and tried to see that everything was closed up for the night! Oh, what a change for that young man who we

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had hope would do something in merchandise, or in artizanship, or in a profession, that would do honor in the family name long after mother's wrinkled hands are folded from the last toil! All that exchanged for the startled look as the door-bell rings, lest something has happened. But, alas! poor old soul, she has lived to experience what Solomon said: "A foolish son is a heaviness to his mother."

Oh, what a funeral it will be when that boy is brought home dead! And how mother will sit there and say: "Is this my boy that I used to fondle, and that I walked the floor with at night when he was sick? Is this the boy for whom I toiled until the blood burst from the tips of my fingers that he might have a good start and a good home? Lord, why hast thou let me live to see this? Can it be that these swollen hands are the ones that used to wander over my face when rocking him to sleep? Can

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it be that this is the swollen brow that I once so rapturously kissed? Poor boy, how tired he does look. I wonder who struck him that blow across the temples! I wonder if he uttered a dying prayer! Wake up, my son; don't you hear me? Wake up! Oh, he can't hear me! Dead, dead, dead!

I am not much of a mathematician, and I cannot estimate it; but is there anyone on earth that is quick enough at figures to estimate how many mothers there are who are waiting for something to be done? Aye, there are many wives waiting for domestic rescue. He promised something different from that when, after the long acquaintance and careful scrutiny of character, the hand and the heart were offered and accepted. What a hell on earth a woman lives in who has a drunken husband!

Oh, death, how lovely thou art to her, and how soft and warm thy skeleton hand! The sepulchre at midnight in

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winter is a king's drawing-room compared with that woman's home. It is not so much the blow on the head that hurts, as the blow on the heart. The rum fiend came to the door of that beautiful home and opened the door and stood there, and said: "I curse this dwelling with an unrelenting curse. I curse that father into a maniac. I curse that mother into a pauper. I curse those sons into vagabonds. I curse those daughters into profligacy. Cursed be the bread-tray and the cradle. Cursed be the couch and chair and family Bible with record of marriages and births and deaths. Curse upon curse." Oh, how many wives are there waiting to see if something cannot be done to shake these frosts of the second death off the orange blossoms! How many are waiting to see what the church of God will do. God is waiting, the God who works through human instrumentalities, waiting to see whether this nation is going to

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overthrow this evil; and if it refuse to do so, then God will punish the nation. If the church does not do its work, then He will wipe it out as he did the church of Ephesus. If the Protestant and Catholic churches would stand side by side the evil can be overthrown.

The two political parties—Democratic and Republican—have done against this scalding, blasting, all-consuming, damning tariff of strong drink! Nothing. The Democratic party—in power for the most part of the time for forty years—what did that national party do for extirpation of this evil? Nothing, absolutely nothing, appallingly nothing. The Republican party has been in power for nearly half a century—what has it done to extirpate this evil? Nothing, absolutely nothing, appallingly nothing. We must look in another direction.

The church is the grandest and most glorious institution on earth. What has it in solid phalanx accomplished for the

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overthrow of drunkenness? Have its forces been marshaled? No, not in this direction.

The church holds the balance of power in America; and if men and women who profess to love the Lord, and to love purity, and to be the sworn enemies of all uncleanness and debauchery and sin—if all such would march side by side and shoulder to shoulder, this evil would soon be overthrown. Think of 400,000 churches and Sunday schools in Christendom, marching shoulder to shoulder! How very short a time it would take them to put down this evil, if all the churches of God were armed on this subject!

Young men of America, pass over into the army of temperance. Whisky, good to preserve corpses, ought never to turn you into a corpse. Tens of thousands of young men and young women have been dragged out of respectability, and out of purity, and out of good char-

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acter, and into darkness, by this infer-
nal, fiery liquid called strong drink.

Away, ye murderous foe,
Forever from my sight,
For you I've suffered all my woes,
And still my soul's affright;
By you each night around my bed,
Dark spirits fill my room,
By you my reason now is fled,
Which leaves my heart in gloom.

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In our time, you know, as well as I, that there is a disposition to put a halo around iniquity if it is committed in a conspicuous place, and if it is wide resounding and of large proportions. In this land today there are hundreds of men hiding behind the communion tables and in the churches, who have no business to be there as professors of religion. They expect to be all right with God, though they are all wrong with man. It seems to me there has not been a time in twenty-five years when this latter truth needed more thoroughly to be presented in the American churches.

A missionary in the islands of the Pacific preached one Sabbath on honesty and dishonesty, and on Monday he found his yard full of all styles of goods which the natives had brought. He could not understand it until a native told him:

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"Our gods permit us to purloin goods, but the God you told us about yesterday, it seems, is against these practices, and so we brought all the goods that do not belong to us, and they are in the yard, and we want you to help us distribute them to their rightful owners." And if in all the pulpits of the United States to-day rousing sermons could be preached on honesty and the evils of dishonesty, and arrangement should be made by which all the goods which have been improperly taken from one man and appropriated by another man and should be placed in a pile and the lightning's flash should set them on fire, the smoke would reach the stars.

Now look abroad and see the facinations that are thrown around the different styles of crime. The question that every man and every woman has asked has been, Should crime be excused because it is on a large scale? Is iniquity guilty and to be pursued of the law in

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proportion as it is on a small scale? Shall we have the prison for the man who steals an overcoat from the hat-rack, and Canada for a man to range in if he has stolen a million?

Look upon the facinations thrown around fraud in this country. You know that for years men have been made heroes of and pictorialized and in various ways presented to the public, as though sometimes they were worthy of admiration if they have scattered the funds of banks, or swallowed great estates that did not belong to them. Our young men have been dazed with this quick accumulation. They have said: "That's the way to do it. What's the use of us plodding on with small wages or insignificant salary, when we may go into business life, and with some stratagem achieve such a fortune as that man has achieved?" A different measure has been applied to the crime of Wall street from that which has been applied to the

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spoils which a man carries up Rat alley.

So a peddler came down from Vermont some years ago, took hold of the money-market of New York, flaunted his abomination in the sight of all the people, defied public morals every day of his life. Young men looked up and said, "He was a peddler in one decade, and in the next one of the monarchs of the stock market. That's the way to do it."

There has been an irresistable impression going abroad among men that the poorest way to get money is to earn it. The young man of gaudy attire says to the young man of humble apparel, "What, you only get eighteen hundred dollars a year? Why, that would not keep me in pin-money. I spend five thousand dollars a year." "Where do you get it?" asks the plain young man. "Oh, stocks, enterprises, all that sort of thing, you know." The plain young man has hardly enough

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money to pay his board, has to wear clothes after they are out of fashion, and deny himself all luxuries. After a while he gets tired of his plodding, and he goes to the man who has achieved suddenly large estate, and he says, "Just show me how it is done." And he is shown. He soon learns how, and although he is almost all the time idle now, and has resigned his position in the bank, or the factory, or the store, he has more money than he ever had, trades off his old silver watch for a gold one with a flashing chain, sets his hat a little further over on the side of his head than he ever did, smokes better cigars, and more of them. He has his hand in! Now, if he can escape the penitentiary for three or four years, he will get into political circles, and he will get political jobs, and will have something to do with the harbors, and pavements, and docks. Now he has got so far along he is safe for perdition.

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It is quite a long road to travel sometimes before a man gets into the romance of crime. Those are caught who are only in the prosaic stage of it. If the sheriffs and constables would only leave them alone for a little while, they would steal as anybody. They might not be able to steal a whole railroad, but they could master a load of pig-iron. Now, I always find a pleasure in seeing an estate like that go to smash. It is plague struck, and it blasts the nation. I am glad when it goes into such a wreck it can never be gathered up again. I want it to become so loathsome that young men will take warning. If God should put into money or its representative the capacity to go to its lawful owner, there would not be a bank or a safety deposit in the United States whose walls would not be blown out, and mortgages would rip, and parchments would rend, and gold would shoot, and beggars would get on horse-back, and stock gamblers would go to the almshouse.

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How many dishonesties in making out invoices, and in the plastering of false labels, and in the filching of customers of rival houses, and in the making and breaking of contracts. Young men are indoctrinated in the idea that the sooner they get money the better, and the getting of it on a larger scale only proves to them their greater ingenuity. There is a glitter thrown around all these things. Why, even in our large commercial emporiums, men and women are forced to lie, forced to cheat, and forced to steal in order to make a decent livelihood. The rich owners place premiums upon old styled goods, premiums upon inferior goods, and premiums upon shopworn goods, and premiums upon damaged goods. Then they place the stamp of damnation on them, and instruct the underpaid clerks to sell them, and that they will be paid extra for so doing. It is stealing! and the owners who instruct their clerks to steal should be brought to swift judgment.

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A young man stood behind the counter in New York selling silks to a lady, and he said before the sale was consummated: "I see there is a flaw in that silk. "The lady recognized it, and the sale was not consummated. The head man of the firm saw the interview, and he wrote home to the father of the young man living in the country, saying: "Dear Sir, come and take your boy; he will never make a merchant." The father came down from the country home in great consternation, as any father would, wondering what his boy had done. He came to the store, and the merchant said to him: "Why, your son pointed out a flaw in some silk the other day and spoiled the sale, and we will never have that lady, probably, again for a customer, and your son will never make a merchant." "Is that all?" said the father. "I am proud of him. I wouldn't for the world have him another day under your influence. John, get your hat, and come,

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let us start." There are thousands of men and women under the pressure, under the fascinations thrown around about commercial iniquity. Thousands have gone down under the pressure; other thousands have maintained their integrity. Let me say to you, my young friend, that you can be a great deal happier in poverty than you ever can be happy in a prosperity which comes from ill-gotten gains. "Oh," you say, "I might lose my place. It is easy for you to write and talk, but it is no easy thing to get a new place, when you leave the old one. Besides that, I have a widowed mother depending upon my exertions, and you must not be too reckless in giving advice to me." Well, my young friend, it is always safe to be right, but it is never safe to be wrong. You go home and tell your mother the pressure under which you are in that store, and I know what she will say to you, if she is worthy of you. She will say: "Come out from there; our Master has taken

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care of us all these years, and He will take care of us now; come out of that." Oh, there is a fearful fascination in the romance of crime.

There are families to-day—widows and orphans—with nothing between them and starvation but a sewing machine, or kept out of the vortex by the thread of a needle red with the blood of their hearts, who were by father or husband left a competency. You read the story in the newspaper of those who have lost by a bank defalcation, and it is only one line, the name of a woman you never heard of, and just one or two figures telling the amount of stock she had, the number of shares. It is a very short line in a newspaper, but it is a line of agony long as time; it is a story as long as eternity.

Now, do not come under the fascination which induces men to employ trust funds for purposes of their own speculation. Cultivate old-fashioned honesty. Re-

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member the example of Wellington, who, when he was leading the British army over the French frontier, and his army was very hungry, and there was plenty of plunder on the French frontier, and some of the men wanted to take it, he said: "Soldiers, do not touch that; God will take care of us; He will take care of the English army; plenty of plunder, I know, all around, but do not take it." He told the story afterward himself, how the French people brought to him their valuables to keep—he, supposed to be their enemy—brought him their valuables to keep. And ~~then~~ he said, at a time when the creditors of the army were calling for money and for pay all the time, and they had so much all around about he did not feel it right for him to take it, or for the army to take it. This is a kind of fear that has seldom troubled conquerors and victors, and I doubt if in the annals of war present anything comparable to this sublime simplicity.

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There has been a great deal of fascination thrown around libertinism. Society is very severe upon the impurities that lurks around the alleys and low haunts of the town. The law pursues it, incarcerates it, tries to destroy it. You know as well as I that society becomes lenient in proportion as impurity becomes affluent or is in elevated circles, and finally society is silent, or disposed to palliate. Where is the judge, the jury, the police officer that dare arraign the wealthy libertine? He walks the streets, he rides the parks, he flaunts his iniquity in the eyes of the pure. The hag of uncleanness looks out of the tapestried window. Where is the law that dares take the brazen wretches and put their faces in an iron frame of a state prison window?

Sometimes it seems to me as if society were going back to the state of morals of Herculaneum, when it sculptured its vileness on pillars and temple walls, and nothing but the lava of a burning moun-

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tain could hide the immensity of crime. We have got to understand that iniquity is just as bad in the pallatial home as it is in the slums of a large city.

Now do not be fascinated by the glamor thrown over crime of whatever sort. Because others have habits that seem glittering and brilliant, but yet at the same time are wicked, do not choose such faults. Stand independent of all such influences. Cultivate old-fashioned honesty.

Then there is the fascination of strong drink and the use of drugs, which destroy the reason and makes beggars of us all. The following authentic story is a fitting climax to all who are brought under the terrible influence of this damnable stuff, called strong drink, or its twin devil, the drug habit:

“Not long since the daily papers had much to say relative to a famous beauty, an actress, who had died from the use of opium. The fallen heroine in her

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earlier days was the companion of many notable men, men who were mighty in politics and business. The drug habit was her undoing however, and before she crossed the great divide, her last words were:

"Please give me a pinch of hop; let me die dreaming of the past."

How terribly pathetic! How awful is the appeal for the drug that had blasted her life. This scorner of millionaires and proud dictator of fashions fails to come back across the line.

Let the picture of this poor, fallen creature be the means of saving others from her sad fate. It may be that God in his wisdom has used her in some mysterious way to accomplish that which mortal exhortation cannot do.

Returning to the subject of this sketch, we see the poor withered creature as the grey light of evening crept into the dingy little Bridewell hospital ward; an old woman's bleary eyes lightened, gleamed

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and became set with a new luster as a glimpse of the old days of splendor showed for a moment before the curtain of death veiled the fleeting vision.

Anna ——, yellowest and most wrinkled of the women from "across the line," died smiling. A last bit of drug had sent her once more within the wonderland of other years.

Time was when Anna —— was the most talked of woman in Chicago. Those were the days when the "Black Crook" was having a phenomenal run at a local theater, and when "Beautiful Anna," as she was known to all Chicago's young gallants, was the one and only attraction of the show.

Those were the days when Anna was young, when the women of the most exclusive society circles copied her hats and gowns and named new creations of fashion in her honor. Those were the days when "great men" were her companions and numbered among her closest

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friends. That was the fairyland before the days of morphia and waning beauty, and before the days that Anna stepped across to "the other side of the line."

But the girl would have nothing of her admirers in those years—except the jewels and money they showered upon her. Life was too gay to mar with marriage. And before she knew it, "Beautiful Anna" was growing old.

"I am dying," she moaned to the physician who stood beside her bed. "Won't you give me just a pinch of hop? I—I want to die dreaming of the past. I—I was 'Beautiful Anna' once."

The well-meaning prison evangelist, who bent over her with a prayer on his lips for the safe passage of the soul, raised his brows askance, but Anna was given her pinch of hop. The shadows of death blended into her dreaming. She was smiling when her hands were crossed upon her breast."

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